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# P'an ku

9/11

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December, '74

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58

Christmas 1937 Deane Riley



Ira Rappaport

ethel
was a girl once
blushing, shy, laughing
who quit school after jr. high
to keep her family
together

ethel
married
an ex-wrestler, maintenance supervisor
she had
two children
who gave her
six grandchildren

ethel
the typical grandmother
giving dollar bills for A's in math
getting lonely, querulous, possessive
sometimes

ethel
lies afraid
in her bed
dying
surrounded by stiff-faced
relatives
mourning and clucking

ethel my grandmother looked at me today and for the first time said "i love you"

it took ethel seventy-four years to be born

#### to ken

it has always been doris day who attracted handsome young men with guitars across their shoulders as seat partners on long trips while i have always drawn dirty old men or mothers with carsick babies until vou came along sitting beside me storing your guitar in the luggage rack we talked for hours sharing the sunset the dusk and the coming night philosophizing communicating as only two strangers can i am no romantic dreamer we will most likely never see each other again or learn each other's last names but when, halfway between there and there you went to talk to the driver and turned to me and said "i'll only be a second" it was as if, in some way we had suddenly some personal claim on each other's time and company well perhaps for a few hours we did

# Kim anne parker



i caught you seeing me secretly when i looked across the room to secretly see you

what are you doing over there

Darlene Burt

#### CITY SCREAMS

Sirens pierce the city night
neon shimmers obscure the sight
jet screams slice as a whetted knife;
millions live this wretched life.

For weeks the air hangs thick like fog and this is not an act of God, our lungs are starved by man-made smog but rarely do we think this odd.

Women walk the streets unclean while agents who drive sleek limosines sell their bodies sight unseen to men who prey on one night queens.

Bruce ross

"Scag!" the all night druggist barks
who has paid off all the local narcs
while addicts die in public parks
their epitaphs composed of needle marks.

Ghettos line inner city streets
where babes from birth accept defeat
and children steal while mothers sleep.
The elders for their decendants weep.

Man's cities extend far into the sky
proud city fathers hold their heads high
while the urban victims solemnly cry
for emancipation from this ungodly sty.

If on days of moon and sadness
the world sleeps on sounds anew,
who can tell the wind's direction?
or the howling of the wolves

Tell me of your sorrows....friend!

and confide the world, your laughter

must

Yet, allow me your tears....

The stillness of my thoughts
finds peace in your remembrance
but when reason overcomes me
I ail with complexity of loneliness

Are your eyes warm?
or could my eyes be....
are OUR souls so parallel
destined to never be

Is it you.....

is it me.....

Marjorie Bernal She stands in front

talking

to no one

convincing

no one

She raises her voice

to reach

no one

Jeanne bethune

Misty colored moonlight

making me cry, for a sunrise

and baby, you're talking about dying

I hope that's not true, I hope you're lying

cause baby, I love you

and baby, I need you

besides, your life is not yours to choose.

# Keith Pharr

There's a light behind her eyes

and she lips the question why

and her brave little smile holds back the tide of crying

There's a slight dance in her gait

but living's not her fate

God give me the strength to let her die.

Ron allen

Crosses bearing humming wires

Printed cold on misty sky

Trees accent the pale blue light

Clouds darken as they roll to sleep;

Rolling home in a slanted truck

Cursing the day's poor business luck

He looks down the road neither left or right

and misses the beauty of the coming night



# be kind to the compies

resemble Man greatly, except that their arms and legs are not covered with a flesh colored skin...The wires and circuits of Eric glared in the sunlight."

# by Tom O'Connell

Things had been running pretty smoothly since the great Migration. With most of the people gone to different planets, man's life became easier. Thank the stars, it even became possible once more.

We owe special thanks to our computeroids. Yes, our compies are looked on with great affection nowadays. They are our trusted workers, and even our loyal friends. But of late, they have started acting a little strange.

Take my gourmet compie cook (Please!), for example. For months now, I have received creamed chipped beef on toast for breakfast, lunch and dinner, and dessert.

And my chauffeur keeps driving me around in circles. Finally, last night, I decided to call a taxi. Now, that was a foolish mistake I regret. All night a taxi would pull up, honk three times, and leave. I tried standing out at the curb but that didn't work very well. They would simply honk as they passed me. I even tried that old custom of whistling for the cab as it passed. All I got for my efforts was a ticket from a meter maid compie for disturbing the peace.

But I'm not here to tell you all my problems. So I'll go on with my little tale.

There's that taxi again.

The paper was due to arrive and as usual everyone was out talking to everyone else, and waiting. It was a nice quiet street. A small street, and everyone was friends. Well, the compie arrived with the daily paper in a most unusual fashion.

"Here he comes," said Mrs. Hargraves. She stood in her son-in-law's yard, the first house on the paper route.

"Eric sounds different today." Young Jim Harper's wife Sally did not sound too concerned as she spoke. Eric was the name given to the little compie paper deliverer. Formally, it was Eric 95. To anyone seeing a compie for the first time, it is an unusual sight. Again, their appearance stems from Man's great fear of a take over. The compies resemble Man greatly, except that their arms and legs are not covered with a flesh colored skin. The wires and circuits of Eric glared brightly in the sunlight. And Sally Harper was right; the steady putt-putt of his motorized tricycle did sound different.

Usually, Eric traveled at a brisk pace of 2 or 3 miles an hour. As he threw the papers to his customers, he would give them a hearty, halting, "Good-af-ter-noon-Mrs.-Har-graves." Or "Hell-o-Mrs.-Har-per."

Well, he caught everyone off their toes that day. He zipped around that corner going 60, as sure as I'm writing this. Before he got all the way around the corner, Eric had said good afternoon to everyone. At least, I think he was saying good afternoon; it sounded like the chattering of a drunken chipmunk.

Now, Mrs. Hargraves is about 65 years old, but nobody ever bothered to tell her. Everyday when Eric arrives, she runs and tries to catch the paper on the fly. Eric has even started playing the game. Sometimes he throws the paper to her right, other days to her left. Mrs. Hargraves catches it more than she misses. When she does catch it, everyone claps and laughs, and Eric says, "Good-catch-Mrs.-Har-graves."

That day Eric came around the corner and started tossing those papers left and right as fast as a rabbit can blink. He hit Mrs. Hargraves in her ample middle, and continued down the street.

With an exclamation of dubious merit, Jim Harper pushed his wife behind the tall sycamore

in their yard. The paper whizzed by and went through their opened door, knocking over a vase in its flight.

Eric continued on his merry way. As he passed Henry and Martha Bishop's house, the Harper's neighbors, he let fly their paper and sent it through their screen door. Henry's a calm middle-aged fellow and later reflected it saved him the walk out to get the paper. Martha is a practical woman and reminded him that he had already been out. Henry chuckled and said, "Well, I didn't have to carry it in."

Down the street Eric flew. The papers went through a couple of more screen doors, one window, and three landed on roofs. After the initial shock, Henry and Jim dashed across the street to see if Mrs. Hargraves was alright. Her son-in-law, Tim Hogan, also came running out of the house to the side of his wife's mother. The wives of the three men were slower in arriving.

"Are you alright, Mrs. Hargraves?" Jim asked as he reached her side. He and Henry helped her to her feet.

"Mom!" Tim Hogan cried, "What happened?"

Mrs. Hargraves was made of sterner stuff than most men I've met, old though she may be, and it would take more than this to damper her good nature.

"My, my," she chuckled. "All you young men fussing after me will turn my head."

Tim turned to Henry and again asked, "What happened?" It was Sally Harper who answered though, as she and Martha arrived from across the street. "That little fiend Eric has lost his batteries."

"Now, now, honey," Jim soothed her, "there's no reason to get upset. No one is hurt and a simple call to the paper will set everything right."

"Quit fussing over me, daughter." Mrs. Hargraves was telling her girl, Lucy Hogan. Lucy had just come on the scene from the house. She was brushing her mother's clothes off and straightening them up. Lucy sure is a neat woman.

"Well, I'm going to call the paper right now," Tim exclaimed, as he turned and stormed into the house.

Everyone followed Tim into the Hogan home and listened as he called the paper and explained what had happened to some editor. Henry never worried much anyway, and he wasn't worried now. After all, he remembered when Eric had started coming later and later one week. One call had fixed matter that time, and Eric has never been late to this day since then.

Tim hung up the phone, turned and spoke more calmly now. "I spoke to Mr. Ferguson, the editor. He said he was sorry, Eric would be fixed and the paper would even pay for any damage done."

"Now that's really nice of them," Lucy said. Everyone had calmed down, and agreed with this sentiment.

Well, the next day rolled around and the paper sent some men out and they got the damage repaired. Everything was finer than mouse hair.

The afternoon came and Eric delivered the paper at his normal rate. Eric even apologized to everyone as he rode down the road.

Two days passed with no incident. Then Martha Bishop's cat got stuck up in the oak tree in the front of her home.

Henry hates that cat and wouldn't have anything to do with it, at all. He wouldn't go looking for trouble, though; Henry would just avoid the cat. Martha called it Tufu; Henry called it many things. And if Jim and Tim

wanted to keep a warm friendship with Henry, they wouldn't have anything to do with it either. Oh, a couple of times when Henry was off somewhere, they had helped Martha get Tufu out of the tree. But when Henry was around, Martha called the fire department. She was good about it, Martha was. She didn't hold it against the two young men. So it was all that day.

When the phone was answered, Martha said, "Captain, it's Tufu." The town was small, and Martha had called many times in the past few years, so that was all the captain needed.

"I'll send them right out," he said.

Well, those fire trucks arrived and Martha almost fainted. Everyone was out, for it was almost time for Eric to arrive. Henry was asleep in the house.

When they had heard the sirens, no one had associated them with the crew coming over for Tufu in the tree. All the other times one truck had come, quietly. So when four trucks came to a screeching halt in front of Martha's house, people's eyes were bugging out.

The compies jumped off the truck and began dashing around.

"Perhaps you've made a mistake," Martha spoke more quickly and nervously than was her fashion. "It's just my cat."

"Do-not-wor-ry-ma-dame--We'll-put-it-out-in-no-time," a compie reassuringly told Martha.

"Put what out? My cat's up in a tree," the words ran out of Martha's mouth, as the compies ran about watering her house.

"Yes-ma-dame--you-heard-her-men-in-the-kitchen."

The compies began dashing about more hurriedly. A few ran up to the screen door and began chopping it to pieces with their axes.

"It's unlocked, you dolts!" Martha shouted. Remembering what was going on, she add, "But there's no fire!" By now everyone on the street knew there was no fire, except Henry, who was still asleep, and the compies who were putting it out anyway.

"Yes-ma-dame," said the head compie. He had stayed behind with the people to keep them calm. "We'll-put-it-out-right-a-way."

By now the outside of the Bishop's house was soaked and the compies were heading inside. Tim took in the situation and saved the day. He went to the truck and turned off the source to the self contained water tanks. The compies continued spraying the imaginary fire with imaginary water. Some moved into the house where they would have ruined the interior if Timhad not shut off the water.

"Just-a-bout-un-der-con-trol-now-ma-dame." Martha only glared at the head compie.

"How about my cat, you. . ." Her words were cut off when three compies brought out Henry.

Ol' Henry sure is a character. He was still asleep. Jim could remember the first year he and Sally had moved into the neighborhood. On the fourth of July of that year, the neighborhood kids had placed some fireworks under Henry's window. Martha had sure enough heard them go off (and the rest of the street heard Martha), but Henry had slept right through everything.

Two compies carried the chair Henry was sleeping in outside, while the other one carried the hassock his feet were on. Henry was quite a sight in his bright yellow shorts with the red hearts. That was all he had on. Boy, can that Henry sleep! The compies placed him carefully on the lawn.

The Fire Department felt they had put the roaring inferno out and were congratulating themselves.

"Good-job-men," said the head compie next to Martha. He turned to Martha and told her,

"No-thanks-please-But-be-care-ful-the-next-time-you-are-cook-ing."

"I'll cook you, you crazy. . ." but the compies were through and were heading for their trucks. One did say to Martha as he passed her, "No-thanks-is-nec-cess-ary--It-was-all-in-the-line-of-duty."

It was about this time that Eric showed up. He came around the corner and started delivering those papers as if a fleet of renegade asteroids were flying right behind him.

Mrs. Hargraves wasn't caught sleeping today. She had been watching all the commotion at the Bishop's from the fence around her son-in-law's home. When she saw Eric whip around the corner, she fell on her face and covered her head. The paper flew over her and went through an open window. Something inside crashed.

"Eric's gone crazy again. Everybody down!" Lucy cried, and as she did, a paper went through the Harper's window. It wasn't open. The Fire compies merely ignored everything and continued readying their trucks for the return to the station house.

And Henry slept on, in the middle of his lawn, in his shorts.

Eric reached the Bishop home and let fly a paper with sure aim. It sailed high into the air and went into the oak tree in front of their home. In the tree, it let out a screech and divided. It left the tree as a cat and a paper.

Tufu, the cat, went flying through the air, and landed on Henry's stomach. The cat screeched some more, ran down Henry's leg and went dashing into the house.

Henry woke up.

As Eric whizzed down the street, the fire trucks began pulling away, and everyone got up from the gound with crazy looks on their faces. Henry looked around and asked quietly, "What

the hell is going on now?"

Mrs. Hargraves came across the street to join the group and commented, "Henry, you have nice legs." At this Henry turned red and dashed into the house.

"Well," Martha was a little picqued, "I'm going to call the Fire Department and give them a piece of my mind! Thank you very much, Tim. If not for you the house would be a wreck."

"That's alright," Tim told her.

Jim joined in with, "I'll go call the paper and tell them about Eric."

So the neighbors went into their own homes and Jim and Martha began dialing their respective phones.

On Martha's phone, the other end was ringing. Someone picked it up and

"Op-er-a-tor."

"Operator? I dialed the fire department." Martha was a little perturbed.

"What-sec-tor-ma-dame?"

"Sector 9, but. . ."

"The-num-ber-is-5-2-2-1-6-7-8."

"I know the number! I just dialed it and. . ."

"You-are-wel-come-ma-dame."

And the operator hung up. Martha shrugged and dialed again. Ring. Ring.

"Op-er-a-tor."

"Operator?! I keep dialing the fire department and getting you."

"The-fi-re-de-part-ment? Yes-ma-dame-what-sec-tor?"

"Sector 9, but. . ."

"The-num-ber-is-5-2-2-1-6-7-8."

"I know the number! Can you get it for me?"

"Cer-tain-ly-ma-dame--Deposit-a-dime-plea-se."

"What? This is a home phone, you. . ."

"Thank-you- Its-ring-ing."

Ring. Ring.

"Hello. This-a Tony's Fish-a Market. Place-a your order."

"Tony's Fish. ! Where are you?"

"I'm in'a Houston. Where are you?"

"Never mind." Martha threw the phone down. Henry walked into the room and she told him, "Shut up!" Henry turned and left the room.

Meanwhile, at the Harper's, Sally was busy with dinner and Jim was busy on the phone.

He dialed the paper. Ring. Ring.

"Op-er-a-tor-"

"Huh? Oh, I'm sorry ." Jim hung up and dialed again. Ring. Ring.

"Op-er-a-tor."

"What? I'm trying to get the newspaper, operator, and. . ."

"What-sec-tor-sir?"

"Sector 9, but. . ."

"The-num-ber-is-5-2-2-7-4-5-2."

"I knew that but. . ."

"You-are-wel-come."

"But I. . ."

Click.

Jim shrugged and dialed again. Ring. Ring.

"Op-er-a-tor."

This time he was ready.

"Operator, please give me the newspaper in sector 9."

"Yes-sir." Ring. Ring.

"Hello," a familar voice said.

"Tim?" Jim asked.

"Yeah, that you Jim? Did you already talk to the paper?"

"No. I'm trying now but the operator isn't much help."

"You're telling me," a third voice said.

"Martha?" Jim and Tim chimed in together. "How'd you get on here?" Tim asked.

"I'm trying to get the fire department."
The three said good-bye and hung up.

Jim dialed again. Ring. Ring.

"Hello," said another familar voice.

"Mrs. Hargraves? This is Jim. I'm sorry, I..."
"Weren't you just talking to Timmy?"

"Yes, but. . ."

"Do you want him again?"

"No, Mrs. Hargraves. I was. . .""

"Oh, you're calling me are you? Well, your wife is going to be quite surprised."

"Mrs. Hargraves, I'm still trying to get the newspaper. I dialed their number but got yours instead."

"Newspaper? Sorry young man, you have the wrong number." With a chuckle Mrs. Hargraves hung up on Jim.

"Who was that, mother?" asked Lucy.

"Wrong number," said her mother, chuckling, as she went into the kitchen.

"What are you doing, Jim?" Sally asked her husband. "I thought you were going to call the paper?"

"So did I," Jim told her. "So did I." He decided to wait an hour.

Meanwhile, Martha tried once more. She dialed and. . .Ring. Ring.

"Op-er-a-tor."

"Oh, for...Let me talk to your supervisor."
"Yes-ma-dame."

Click, click. Ring, ring.

"Op-er-a-tor."

"I said I wanted to talk to your supervisor."
"Yes-ma-dame"

Click, click. Ring, ring.

"Op-er-a-tor."

"Oh, Moonrocks!" Martha slammed down the phone as Henry walked into the room. "Shut up! I don't want to talk about it!" she yelled at her husband. Henry turned and left the room.

The next day, Eric delivered the papers slowly, like he had done for so long. Everyone had stayed inside that day, with doors and

windows left wide open. It was quite surprising to everybody that Eric behaved normally.

But the next day Eric didn't show up at all. Everyone was at the Harper's house, and lim was trying to get the paper on the phone.

"I hear our phone ringing," said Martha. Jim hung up and tried again, Ring, Ring.

"Op-er-a-tor." Jim hung up and again dialed the number. Ring. Ring.

"Daily Comet, Editor speaking."

"Mr. Ferguson?" Jim turned and said to his neighbors, "I got through!" His friends applauded.

"Editor, what is going on around here? Everything seems to be operating with a couple of screws loose."

"Haven't you read the paper, young man?"
"No. Our Eric didn't show up today."

"Oh. Well, that makes sense. . . . It seems that quite a few of the compies are acting strange, as you know. It's not just here, but all over the place, too. Several scientists claim that it's all due to some massive sunspots occuring now. That, briefly, is what's going on. Just don't worry. You're not the only ones affected."

"Just how long is it all supposed to last?"

Iim asked.

"Not long," explained the editor, "just two to three weeks, at the most, the scientists claim."

"Thank you very much, for making things perfectly clear."

"It's alright. I'll try to have your paper delivered tomorrow. What sector?"

"9."

"O.K. Goodbye."

."Goodbye."

Well, since that conversation, four months have passed. Four long months. Of creamed chipped beef on toast. The Bishops, the Harpers, the Hogans and everyone else are still

having their little troubles. Either Eric doesn't come, or he whizzes by at 70 or 80 miles per hour. It's very hard making phone calls; you never know who you'll wind up talking to. The garbage compies don't come for three weeks, then show up four times in as many hours. Since the sunspots are gone, scientists are looking into other possible causes.

Now, people are getting angry. Some are very angry. And there is really no reason. Actually, it gets pretty amusing once in awhile. Don't blame the poor compies, friends. After all, they are man made and how can we expect anything made by man to be perfect? I guess this was all written in defense of our friends, the compies. And they are our friends. Fortunately, most people are forgiving. The compies have been their friends so long, they claim, that they are not going to turn on them when they most need them. They need your understanding and help, now, more than they ever have.

I must bring this to a close sooner than I had expected. I must try to remove 17 honking taxis from my front lawn.

We must be lenient, good friends. Be forgiving. I ask you, can't even a compie make a mistake?

take?

take

ke?

#### **BODY**

Body old
Body bearing years of obesity
Body lined with pearly scars that are tears but cannot die
like depression
Body cold
Body ribbed with laughter
roaring in its role as...the jovial castrate

Or

on the contrary; Body sexy Body formed by age is full of warm communication, understanding Body heavy mama archetype is enthralling

Old cold craving castrated bod Don't you look a little like every body? For Maryellen

I only regret that I have needed you because all I want now is to have loved you

Haiku for Abby

she asked why i choose to survive as she looked up at me from hell

#### To a sojourner

Man you really fracture me like my whole body's a funny bone breaking send me a letter for your security saying you've run off with only a razor and gun; the next thing I know I'm looking up from my suddenly cruddy chef's salad to listen as the chatter says your name If I don't love you enough to hate you I must not love you enough to hold you I've entered your mind Maureen doesn't pose threats to anyone she's trustworthy and blind and anyway she just pities the poor sojourner

### Maureen martindale

#### For Michelle

a learned woman once said that what one must remember most is that the ego is not the center the ego surrounds the center and all energy tremendous as was hers flows from the center and toward us the magic in her eyes was that i had seen their glare in me before i had followed them through shadows which had made a beatnik out of me where i sat upon the floor as i listened i watched the eyes which i'd already known witness the center meditation ego filter through her head lift from her heart sift out her dream weary lips i am still gratified by the esoteric quality of her perception and the warmth of her stunning goodness what the woman said is wise to understand it is that meditation is like breath it slowly passes through one's vital organs as it permits each part and so each moment to live one

#### TEARS OF A LONELY MAN

I feel kind of crushed inside
I wonder why: could it be
A pain of sorrow, a pain of sickness,
I'll just call it an ulcer
And get by.

There's a thing in my chest
I'll be damned if it don't ache
Could it be cancer, a lung sickness,
Or is it that heartache?
I'll just lie:
It's from non-physical fitness
Just to get by.

There's a moodiness about my
Personality which causes people
To hate me.
Could it be that I'm
Mad, sad, lonely, or just plain
Incompetent to society?
I'll blame it on my pauper-like appearance
Just to get by.

Alvin

There's a malajustment in my thought Which causes people to stare.
Could it be that I'm high, crazy, freaky, Or just don't care.
I'll put it on my inability to comprehend, And say I don't understand
Just to get by.

#### QUARANTINED LOVE

I sit here with a blank mind --Just staring at the walls make me feel fine.
I can look out the windows,
And watch the world go by.
Just looking at empty space makes me feel high
I can think of a lover that makes my heart boom
But I know I'm secure in my
Four-cornered room

#### **BROKEN HEART**

It's a feeling that's with you
Every place you go;
It will follow you out on a date
Even to a show.
It's a feeling that gives you abdominal pain,
It can even get to your mind
And drive you insane ---

#### INFERIORITY COMPLEX

love me

There's a parent who convinces me of immoral Doings, which causes me to be depressed. Could it be he don't like me, he's afraid of me, Or just don't trust me? I'll make up a bundle of defending insults Just to get by.

After all these misjudged opinions of me, I find my cheeks kind of wet.
Did I forget to dry my face this morning?
Is it perspiration, or
Am I crying?
I know no one else has knowledge of my feelings.
But I know I'm dying.
I'll say something is in my eyes,
Just to get by.

#### Song

You walk down the country road, into the dirt black city and staring back it slaps you in the face of memories
Shrill rude lights deny, thwart off all your pities
and beneath them people mutate into stone
fragile recollections shake inside your hands,
enacting what your mind can't understand
Then the curtain falls, and the act is through
all you really know, all they've left you now
is that awful-roar that has you bathed in warm applause for you

Inside you I feel desperate
your city drools in murky shame
your sad eyes are shocked, yet still
looking out for fame
Look at yourself - You're shivering!
your're shouting like a protest song
We chant about the evils, but know we'll never right the wrongs
But the curtain falls, and your act is through
all they've left you now, all that's yours to have
is that awful roar of their applause for you

Maureen martindale Back among the rustling
the hearth's of auburn beauty as
reflected in the puter cup of rum
perhaps it's taken to sedate your shivering dream
but there's acid in the kindling
magic in your mourning
hear the urchant crys of aching city streets
And yet I know when it's time to go
how the emptiness can fill you up
how the carelessness can build you up
because I've felt that curtain fall on me before

Common Phenomena

A sullen 8 am finds me

gazing

over my cup to a corner past lit

with ourselves and hope and

hands in touch with feelings we could

name

with a smile together

down

to now

to the stranger I've noticed in my window

hanging

grey wash caught

in a mid motion stare

alone

in her odd absence remembering





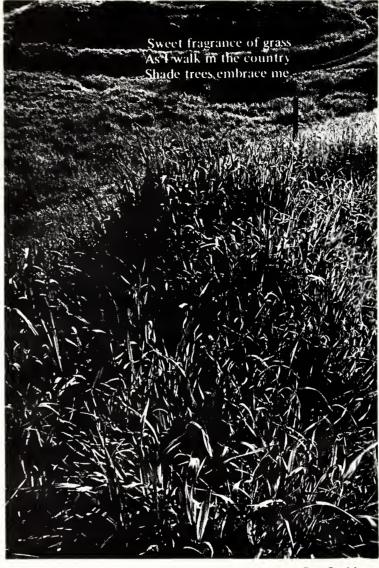
Mimi Mintzer

#### LOVE POEM

in just a moment
in a small
small
sparkle in time
who would have thought
in less length than a thought
this floating fragile heart
would reverse itself
and rise infinite among the stars?

Regarding questions in a setting warm enough for these kind of diversions in this small roomed brown house settled behind young shrubs and careful flowers I've moved written and fell with each season

And occasionally from behind the heavy curtain of books the tired lamp glow and the limit of my intelligence I can hear my grandparents making it Happily oblivious to why



Dave Patrick

Debby baroff 18 Then there was this crazed carpenter, a long-haired degenerate (you know the type I mean), who believed in Brotherhood and Beauty Little did he know his best job would be his last

When the call came in,
he was tampering with a table
His dad was out,
so he answered the phone himself
A what?
How big? Say, that's pretty big!
Building a new synagogue, right?
No? A crucifixion within the week, huh.
I pity the poor devil
whoever he is.
Hope he doesn't suffer

# Bill humphries

Hey Mac Your Sox Suck

Last night
this little silver midget
with angel wings
(I could see the piano wire
holding him up; you
have to get up pretty early etc.)
flew into my darkened room
and threw magic sleep sand (so he exclaim
in my eyes.

I said Hey what the.... and in grabbing for his pointed blue shoes, I fell off the top bunk and permanently asleep.



Prelude Piece for Maureen

i sat in her car

weeping

tears that tore my chest in anger

finally expressed

she kissed me
and said
"i know how you feel baby
saying screw you means being'
angry enough to be yourself"

# G. shively-cater

a baby stuffed between packages rolls past

women rush past glittering to buy more glitter

school girls chatter past bemoaning the expense of white

while i, sitting here, contemplating the price of need, wish i were broke



Ira Rappaport

#### MEMORIES ON A WINDY AFTERNOON

In the quiet meadow where cypress trees stand, like wise old men With their long gray beards of spanish moss,
Bluejays, sparrows, a lark, and a marsh wren
Nestle in the high branches that the winds taunt and toss.

And only the wind dares to make a noise
As they sweetly sing to the setting sun,
While on a branch far below, perched with patience and poise
Sits the wise old owl, as if to oversee, to make sure the day is done.

And I, I sit by the water's edge, dreaming on the patterns of a leaf
As it sails across the water, disturbing the reflections.
With legs crossed, chin nestled in hands, and eyes full of disbelief
I wander aimlessly through a thousand thoughts with no connections.

Pale Silver Moon, encrusted in the horizon, be gone! the day is not yet done

'Till crimson clouds of dusk release the setting sun.

Darkness now waits, beyond the hills, like mighty Achilles to befall the passing day,

As a nightingale unfolds its wings, to soar upon a moonbeam gone astray.

Its soft melodies break the silence that surrounds me as I sit beside a stream

Lost in the memories of a lady Drunk on a lover's dream

Was it fate's decree that she should stand in gist And catch my wandering eye,

Then with all the grace and grandeur of a peacock slowly pass me by?

Tears

She stands, like a new born flower, in lieu of the morning mist

That now hangs heavily upon her, as does life's woe

Her rose pink cheeks host Sorrow's shimmering dew that she cannot resist

Oh sweet tears, the child of ten thousand things, perhaps

I do not know.

Listen close, does she weep for the love of an empetuous boy?

Or perhaps she feels the pain of too much tenderness, too much joy.

# Chuck Rice

You can be a dream of mine - richly rewarded you will befor time from you means much to me.

No dream I ever had before gave me a glimpse of you; you have an aura of reality more wildly beautiful, more dangerous, more mad more sweet than any fantasy.

Nothing and no one I have created in my mind comes close to you - you are different to me and I am lost, with joy I am lost.

If you are what I make you, if we are only of my invention-then let me build of fire and light I will melt silver with the light from stars. My weak dreams, bound by space and time, will dance with color, will wash with blood will laugh and shake off fear like water crystals steaming and spiraling into the heavens.



Sandra Ward

Sandra ward

In formation
we do not touch
Wing tip to finger tip
banking
we do not touch

In your silence you talk...

In your eyes, feelings

Are expressed...in many

a language

I can understand

the melancholic soul searching

and reaching within you...

I USED TO BE A SONG

full of rhyme
and sticky happiness
now I am a ballad
reminder of past epics
I used to long for birthday cakes
and long adorned pretty dresses
the days of high heeled shoes...
Now I long for my own custom made
casket and tombstone...

Since the coming of winter;

Yet, I long for summer's

warmth to caress

in my life

Spring is gone

in my heart....

Don't talk...it's alright

You would sin if you would

You would break the spell

If you were to tell

what we both know...

The simple act of walking don't believe it's so simple as for me?
You can walk fast or without pressure in your mind but you, you always walk... alone or with company.

In life the walking act is hard and different

The steps are much longer and the process is "on the go" You rush alone when you have company and walk with not. (Do you know what I mean?) In or Out you leave a shadow, If in, for kicks...if out for keeps...

Life is fast, nothing helps whether you care or not or how you walk or where You walk the steps of life.

Life is as voluble as The effects of your shadow as the rhthym of walking Have you ever noticed it?

I mean...it's there...it's yours that long...long...shadow... P.S. if it's not there you're not either Voices...Whispers, Promises
that identify themselves
in my mind...
Venetians half-way through
Lights being dimmed
Extinguished then
Melting shadows that
emerge in and out
arms that reach and feel and
touch and become one, here and there...
Moans in the participating blackness
I watched you
and inside my womb
someone cried "Revenge"

the days, fill the accountable
and let the world hear
the uproar of laughter
When quietness comes
the tool of happiness
and words should seem

Then I should admit

grotesque and untrustworthy

tis (Fall)

expirating in my heart.

Marjorie bernal THIS IS MY LIFE, ONCE SHATTERED AND BROKEN
THE PIECES RETRIEVED, ENCOURAGEMENT SPOKEN
AS COURAGE RETURNED AND SPIRITS REVIVED
EACH FRAGMENT, ONCE LOST, HAD SOMEHOW SURVIVED
THEN SORTED BY RELATING THE MISERY I FACED
AND WITH HELP, AND GUIDANCE, GENTLY REPLACED
WHAT ONCE SEEMED SO WORTHLESS WAS PLACED IN A MOLD
AS TRUTH AND SELF-KNOWLEDGE BEGAN TO TAKE HOLD
I AM ONCE AGAIN BEGINNING REBUILDING THROUGH AND THROUGH
A LITTLE SCARRED, PERHAPS, BUT STRONGER THEN NEW
SO DON'T DESPAIR ABOUT YOUR TROUBLES AND STRIFE
TRUST TO GOD THE PIECES OF YOUR BROKEN LIFE

### P. michael mac minn

# Phyllis Matthews



#### A GREAT GIFT

First there was heaven Then there was Earth And after the darkness Came a thing of great worth.

It was a creation of God That was very smart For "in the beginning" It gave a good start.

It has several sources
That God blessed us with
They are very real
And not just a myth.

Even before man Was created one day It shone from a place That was far away.

That one greatful gift Was the bright sun It enabled The Creator To get His work done. It let God see What he needed to do As His tasks were many Much more than a few!

And during the night It was present again It came from the moon At a time when...

The sun disappeared And the stars were born All this had happened Ever since morn.

From night to day Then dark once more These great creations On day number four

Helped God to form A place just right For this great gift Is known as light.

# MANNE EXPERIMENT CLASSIFI

". . .we will have let it serve to say that we did it merely to prove that we could."

"But Professor Ruben, how can another world be defined in our world? How can it exist for us if it can't be explained?"

The student's question rang clear in the silent room. At this point I restrained an urge to explain it as I once had experienced it and instead directed the class to our supplemental text, New Pathways In Psychology. In the introduction the author, Colin Wilson, describes an experience he once had while listening to Brahms. He wrote, "The person labelled 'Colin Wilson' ceased to matter: it was almost as if I had floated out of my body and left him behind, as if the real 'I' had taken up a position somewhere midway between myself and Brahms." I have often used Wilson's explanation of Karl Popper's idea of a "third world" in teaching my psychology classes. I added at the end of this passage of the text, "Wilson claimed it to be a real place, actually a world of pure meaning."

My students discussed the possibility, many even agreed that they had experienced somewhat the same sensation | at times. My gaze fell upon the student who had originally asked the question.

"Mark, can you better understand the possibilities of another world existing, but our minds ignoring it?"

Mark replied slowly, "I think so. Do you mean, for instance, if Einstein actually used less than ten percent of his brain capacity, what percent does the average person use?"



"That's it Mark. If our use of the brain is so limited, then with the remaining 94 odd percent who knows for sure what mysteries and wonders our minds could explore. This third world would be separate from our actual physical world but it would still be an extension of ourselves. Mankind's experience with the "third world" is limited, he is not even an infant with a clear view or even a real awareness of it's existence. But still as far back as the 1630's men considered this type of theory."

To support my lecture material I referred again to our supplementary text. It seemed to the philosopher Decartes, "high likely that plants and animals are nothing more than automata, driven by their sensations and desires." Even in man he wasn't certain where the mechanism ended and the soul began; he decided that the body and the soul interact in the brain's pineal gland. The mind, according to Descartes, can exist and think quite apart from the brain.

As I finished I realized from shuffling books and papers that class time was up and my lecture would be prematurely ended once again.

As I wove my way across campus, dodging students, my thoughts picked up where the lecture left off. "I wonder if Descartes even had an experience similar to mine? They said I was the first successful experiment, but is it possible that they have been working on it for at least the past 344 years with perhaps half successful draws?"

I dodged as I almost collided with two

maintenance men who were moving a television past my office. Upon reaching my little cubicle safely I leaned back and closed my eyes. The television they had been moving came to mind, not because it was one of the racy new models being installed but because the sight of any television reminds me of my experience.

It had started with my own television one night when I decided to relieve my tensions by watching a movie. As I relaxed the movie became more vivid than ever drawing me into its world completely. I felt its climax and conclusion as surely as if I were there myself enacting some role. At its end I wasn't particularly anxious for my mind to come back to the world, which by comparison was dull and unexciting. But what is particularly unusual is that my mind or consciousness didn't return, as it always had, to my reality. Instead my conscious being seemed to float in a sea of calm, a world like a movie, real, but unreal. Then I was no longer floating, I was traveling at what seemed to be an impossible speed. Behind me a hazy image of my totally relaxed body slumped sleepily in my favourite chair faded. It sped away into the haze that now moved in on me closely, from all sides. Next, as if someone suddenly turned all the lights of the universe on. I was then sitting in a lounge that I'd never seen before. I had once again become part of my body, but something seemed different. When I checked I found that I had control of my faculties: my fingers drummed, my feet shuffled, my head even drooped with my white the formation of the formation

exhaustion. Still something was strange about it, it wasn't as easy as it usually was. All my actions were deliberate, similar to controlling a car.

My mind began to panic; this was impossible, some kind of insanely terrible dream, how could I get out? I calmed myself. I told myself that my mind was just playing tricks on me; I'd just sit this nightmare out. Just then I became aware of someone else near me.

I told myself, "Oh no, is someone else in this nightmare too?"

I didn't expect an answer to my thought but immediately after my question came the answer. "No human part of yours or anyone else's nightmare."

"What"! I exclaimed, startled.

"I mean that his is no dream, your being here is deliberate," replied my dreams intruder.

"Here? Here where? What are you talking about? What do you mean deliberate?" The words had just tumbled out as I calmed the panic which had begun to rise again.

The stranger replied, "To answer your question as to where 'here' is, it is of no importance. You would be unable to conceive it. Let it suffice to say we are merely 'here'."

The philosophical description of where we were silenced me as the mystical stranger indicated a direction in which I manipulated myself. I listened as he continued.

"Come with me. Perhaps I can help you find answers enough to satisfy you."

We walked through a door at the end of the lounge. Actually I should say I 'walked' through the door because my specter's movements were almost gliding in nature, as he was. Try as I

would I could not see him, yet somehow I knew exactly where he was, less than two yards from me. Somehow at this point I began to believe that this was not a dream.

I don't really know how to explain what I saw next. My impossible guide explained it.

"What you are viewing now has been created for your benefit only. It is a model. drastically simplified, of our natural function."

I gazed open mouthed (a facial expression which would give no credit to my so called higher education), at what seemed to be an infinite wall panel of metalic glitter, lights, circuits and screens. The screens seemed to be monitering thousands of images varying from movies I recognized to what seemed to be everyday people leading their everyday lives. Then realization dawned on me as to why I felt so awkward, why I felt like the operator of a machine. This body couldn't be mine. I'd seen it disappear at the other end of the haze.

"This may help explain us to you. You are of a civilization which relies heavily on physical existence in a physical world. This panel is merely a physical model of a much more complicated mental existence. Our race is an old race. Its exsistence is not physical, but what you might call an existence of the mind only; without physical barriers."

I decided to put the question to him, "Wait a second. Am I to believe then, that my body too is not real?"

There was an eerie silence that almost frightened me but, till now at least, my host has been friendly enough.

"We hadn't expected you to take that so

with the fill warmen the fill the fill

calmly. Yes, the body you are occupying now was also created mentally for your benefit. If you wish, you can remain with it and this model or you may experience our world as we do."

Now it was my turn for silent contemplation. I had managed to subdue my initial fear, and curiosity was becoming my overpowering emotion. How could I pass up a chance like this? After all the theory was not entirely new to me. . . only the existence of this world along with its inhabitants. Suddenly I was eager to experience it.

"How do I do it?"

"That's very simple, just think it away, after all it's only an illusion we put into your mind."

I felt puzzled for a second. But upon consideration I mentally blocked out the necessity of control just as I had often blocked out unpleasant thoughts and scenes. When I opened my eyes, or I should say, when I opened mental channels for perception, my specter was still there, I don't know how, but I knew he was. Yet I perceived the presence of many others some distance away, if a distance could be defined as linear in that abstract world.

"There seem to be others, who are they?" Although I wasn't speaking in any understandable manner, I knew he would perceive my question.

"Yes, they are my colleagues in this venture. We have worked together long and hard. Cooperation among us is strong compared to your world and privacy is a recognized state, but it is seldom necessary."

"What experiment are you conducting?"
My question was honest, but I realized im-

mediately my stupidity in asking it. Nevertheless he answered generously as if it were a logical question.

"Recently we, the scientists of our race, have become interested in humans. We have studied the way you use your physical and mental faculties simultaneously. The question that occured to us was whether you might be able to function mentally as we do, without physical barriers which can, and do, destroy you. In our studies we found that the time at which humans fuction with their minds almost entirely, is during sessions spent in front of a screen of images."

Here I volunteered some of my thought, "That's got to be the "boob-tube." I said this once in the great form of an educated man.

His quizzical, "Eh", prompted me to explain.

"The television. .man's means of occasional escape from reality."

"Oh yes," he replied, "precisely my point. During this time the link between the mental processes and the physical is at its weakest. You were our first successful attempt at a mind draw."

"You mean I'm a guinea pig? An experiment?" I was beginning to understand my position.

"Exactly." he replied, "We finally focused our mind draw along the correct channels of our mental processes and together we disengaged you from your original body for a time. I might add that your real body is still achieving basic functions while we are mentally holding you here, a world away from your physical form."

28

"But why? I mean, am I to stay here now?

"But why? I mean, am I to stay here now? For what purpose am I here anyway?"

"I'm afraid the idea of your staying here is impossible." he answered. "At our present stage of technology, the pull of your mental back to your physical body is too strong. We haven't solved the complete control of that yet."

"But then, why have you done this much at all?"

"We don't know why we are doing it really ourselves," he answered truthfully. "I suppose we will let it serve to say that we did it merely to prove that we could. Perhaps we will follow-up! If we do we will be in touch with you again. But now we must let you returnnn. . ." His words faded, the paneled room became hazy around the edges and I was taking that wild, crazy trip again. The room drew away and all was hazy again.

My eyes opened and my own hands rubbed the sleep from them. I thought strangely, "My body has just finished one of its basic functions, sleep."

Now when I ponder the mystery, I feel certain it all really happened. I can't really say why, but I don't seem to worry too much about it. Maybe it's because nothing has really changed, my body and mind still function simultaneously. Perhaps in a way I identified with that world. It had one parallel which was most obvious, its spirit of technology. Its

significance wouldn't have slipped past me even if there hadn't been a saturation campaign of *Future Shock* by Alvin Toffler. My alien guide had said, "...we will have let it serve to say that we did it merely to prove that we could." It occurred to me that Toffler's suggestion that our own technology was getting out of hand because there is no real, might apply even to those beings who had seemed so superior. Perhaps if the aliens were, as I suspect, reading and recording in their minds all that I was thinking, they might give their experiment a little serious thought.

I must admit that his words "Perhaps we will follow up. . ." still haunt me. I will have no choice in the matter if they do continue their experiment with me. My feelings react strangely whenever I think that I might, once again, travel an eternity from my world. I ask myself continually if I would want to delve into the depths of my mental existence or not. Still it is out of my hands. I wonder what my colleagues or students would say if I told them about it?

My thoughts were interupted as three teachers discussed their test results outside my open door. Looking out the windows I watched as students scurried from one class to another. "Tell them?" I ask myself. "No, I have no physical proof what-so-ever, to them it would be just a story, a fantasy. . . to me it is a reality."

## by Denise Baumgart



Life here is a salt lake Briny to the brim Where everybody splashes And nobody can swim

### Gajl bloom

#### vision

picture this upon my knee: tea for two or four or three. one of me and then there's you you and me become us two who is he? a friend of you? two and he become us three there are others at the door three and more is more than four more than four I don't adore who needs more when we've got a score four is more than I can stand throw them out thus and then there's us by the way, there's the bus picture this upon my knee: just me.

the question remains as to man's primary game as to whether the answer is clear. the reply is thus; don't bother us, do come back next year.



## YOUR RETENTION PLEASE!

The following two parables are presented for your wining &

But even before that, the rest shall follow. I'd like to ploughshare this abusing, ineffectual antidote related to me by one of my more perceptual students. But don't take my word.

A blind philospher walked into an outlet for a national chain of department stores. He was accosted by the salesman with no coat.

"Nice day, isn't it?" remarked the salesman.

"Really hadn't noticed," said the blind philosopher.

"Could I help you with anything?" "My socks need pulling up."

The saleman, willing to please a potential buyer, did indeed pull the old man's socks up.

"You're most welcome," said the blind philosopher. "I'd like to see something in a name brand ice slicer."

"New or used?" asked the salesman.

"One with fresh graters, hopefully portable. That's essential. It's portability. I require it in my line of work."

"Oh? And what type of work do you do?" asked the curious salesman. He scratched his left ear.

"I'm a retired poet. See my gold plated watch the Company gave me. The blind man held up his right wrist, pointing to the watch. It was not gold. It was very, very cheap aluminum. The crystal was marred and fogged

## On Literary Cadavers "It's a very nice gold watch. The

people at the Company must have liked you a great deal."

"Yes. At least that's what they said. Back to the ice slicer."

"Ah ves. We have this nifty model. lust feel that waxed walnut finish." The salesman with no coat placed the blind philosopher's hand on a transistorized Warfer. It was not the ice slicer the old man had asked for.

"Top of the line sir. This has features vou wouldn't believe. Take this one anywhere. And it's got a forty year guarantee."

"Feels nice. Could I hear it work?" asked the blind philosopher.

"Sure, sure! Just a second. Let me switch it on. Takes a minute or so to warm up. There it goes. Listen to that." There was no sound from the machine. The salesman made all the noises.

"Sounds great. Does that come with the mush crusher also?" wondered the blind philosopher.

"Well sir, that's an optional item worth thirteen fifty more. But, tell you what I'll do for you since you look like a nice guy. Kind of remind me of my uncle. I'll give you the mush crusher for only six nineteen. That's less than we payed for it wholesale. It is a deal then?"

"Yes, it's a deal. Could I have that

in a waterproof box?"

"Of course, and at no extra charge." snickered the salesman. He placed a few heavy stones in a box then handed it to the old blind philosopher. The salesman with no coat seemed to be pleased with himself. He had fooled the old idiot. He was proud.

"Thank you very much, young man. Here's my wallet. Take out what you need to cover the ice slicer. And take something out for yourself."

The salesman took out a hundred dollar bill. The cost was only seventyfour sixty-two, tax included. He smiled to himself again. A nice little tip for giving the man some musty rocks.

"Thank you, sir. Please come back soon," said the salesman with no coat on. He automatically waved at the blind philosopher. He realized he had waved at a person who couldn't see. The salesman with no coat laughed to himself.

Outside the store the blind man was laughing to himself too. The hundred dollar bill was counterfeit. Immediately. In plain words, you

for the big finish, turn to page 34

## dining pleasure by the illustrious Ralph Waldo Smallhomeappliance

## Better Living Through Chemistry

Eb and Efflorescence entered Le Chatelier's deliqescnce since it was the only place in town that sold kosher hygroscopic materials. Effie asked Le Chatelier, who was standing behind the deli counter, for six crystal systems, a head of lattice and a bag of coconut macromolecules. Eb excused himeself from the store. He had an electron gas.

Their car had been parked within 105 degrees of a fire hydrant. A cop, as dense as water, wrote out a real solid ticket of definite volume which was very slow at diffusing from his hand. It crystalized under the windshield wiper. He then apparently evaporated.

Fb came around the corner from the back of Le Chatelier's store. He felt fine, having relieved himself of all amorphous solids. But upon seeing the ticket, he flew into a state of definite ionic structure. Effie was liquified at his chemical behavior. About this time little Oblique, their son by a previous miscarriage, ran into the deliquescence. Seems he needed some money to pay the bill from his orthorhombic sturgeon. He had some boyles removed from his biocelloids at the monoclinic. He also asked if either one of them had seen his aardvark Nietzsche. They hadn't.

Pascal and Hascal, the bunsen twins came in and ordered a melted homogeneous portion of covalent crystal cake, a box of common NaCl, and an Erlenmeyer flask of Polar brand ice cream. They had been linked together since birth by hydrogen bonds. Today was their birthday. Le Chatelier rushed out back to the stable compound compound to fill the twins order.

While he was gone, a diffused person on acid anhydrides sneaked in. He began to raffle the cash register. Eb looked up from reading his PHYSICS FOR THE PHYSICAL FAMILY FOR THE COMING FISCAL FRIDAY magazine. He wondered why the young oxide was so unstable and mentally unequilibriumed. This is a real gas, thought Eb. Dumb Dalton the deadbeat cop heard this awful reactant coming from the store. He busted through the doors, his ideal gas avogards blazing. "Up against the van der Waals, vou mother fusioner!" he shouted.

Upon hearing this, the permanganated oxide became so scared he dropped his temperature on the store floor. He electrolysised sll aver the store floor. Dumb Dalton had no time to stop. He slipped and fell on his xylenes, injuring his molar zwitterions and bruising his saturated

hydrocarbons. His ternary acids exothermicked from his oral organs. Dalton's badge was driven straight into his M shell. At last he reation was completed.

Dalton stood up too fast. He got the benzenes and scremed as if he had domain poisoning the instant he saw the fizz get up. The Standard Temperature and Pressure freak became electrovalent. He grabbed a box of Sun Made resins, heaving it toward the cop. But Dalton was one stop ahead of him. He jumped out of the way and precipitated with a pyrate in the electrolytes. Everyone in Le Chatelier's could plainly see that the freak's eves were diluted. "Cold Turkey" Pascal gasped. Le Chatelier ran to the frezzer to get one. He had mistakenly thought it was part of the order.

While all this was happening, Hascal, the other of the electron pair, had clicked on the radio he had with him. The local d.j., Fats Fehling, was playing Jimi Hydroxyl's new albumin BAND OF GYPSUMS. Hascal's favorite was rendition of "Mary had a Little Lambda".

turn page for the thrilling conclusion

## Better Living... cont.

Dumb Dalton, wising up now, found a volumetric flask of peptised bismal. Knowing this would catalyze the freak's rapidly growing worse condition, he let it permeate into the oxide's liquid limpids. Dalton then quicksilverly dropped handcuffs on him. He compressed the insoluble liter out of Le Chatelier's store. The cop called the the station on his car radio. They sent over the Keytone Kops.

#### **EPILOGARITHM**

It turned out that the s.t.p. freak belonged to a phenyl group of radicals. They were the ones who had been theorizing the neighborhood and the surrounding thermal properties. His triad would be either Friday or Saturated. He would be sentenced up to 99 molar volumes in prison and-or 10 mass-gas problems. This of course, would depend on the density of the indictments. His unit cell was also to have thermites and

moles as a form of capital punishment. Eb and Effie and all the rest lived their half-lives happily ever after.

But on his beat the very next day, Dalton tried to avoid a dipole of water an the sidewalk by jumping around it. The inertia threw him off balance, he fell face down in an atomic pile of immiscible liquids. They had fused from the domain of little Nietzsche's asbestos, they were still warm

## ...Literary Cadavers cont.

mind races at 30,000 resolutions per minnow. A little fishie you say. Cut that carp and get down to the point. I can hear you as if you were breathing down my ears. Yet as we dig deeper and deeper, we only come up with a theoretical theatre with the proverbial stage of wholes. There are no absolutes in the field of Writing. as it were. There are no relatives in that same field either. But, how do we explain the ipso facto that my uncle Rebus on my mother's side grows rhubarb in that previously mentioned meadow. This area of thought needs a little cultivation? I hear you talking though the dear reader's collective words fall on deaf ears. My batteries are dead. Shall I bury them on the hole we dug earlier in the paragraph? Or should we just sit back and watch the aardvarks tear at their cells like rain running away from its parents, the strato-nimbus? The enlightening of the mother load,

so to speak. Do you see through me like a window vet? Am I becoming a pane in the assets even though those debits are credits? Are you seeing red? If I may, I'd like to be serium for just a minuet. The Writer's main porpose is to make the Reader aware of certain misdeceptions he might have about the niche he whittles in and all that cubbyscout encounters. Since Time began Man, as kind as he isn't, has been waking up to that e'erpresent Alarum Clark and, on the wrong side of the flower mattress. Living is no bed of Noses as was once thought.

The Writer has brought to rapt attention the prospects of Loving your Neighbor as Yourself and Mister Ed Is a Cruel Hoax. Where would we be without the independible Writer and circumscribed Pen? Is that too big a Boggler to ask? He is a man of many words and is not the least bit ascared to abuse them. For there are

many saidistic tendencies in all of us. And, don't they always rear their nasty noggins at inoppurtune times? Yes! But of golf course! That is the Writer's preoccupation. He brings up the tropics and is not oblivious to making up new ones either. The Writer is one of the most insecure people on this planet. And what better way to rid himself of those insecurities than to make other people cognizant of their own fallibilities as well. We're all in the same boat, up the same crete, and without an oar among us. But optometrism will get us nowhere. And here is where I get off. This train of Thought goes on forever but my ticket's only good till Now. This is my Dreams Depot. See you. Inside.

#### Riot

I.

Crazed animal insane
the world a blue
of tearing ripping claws
hands--feet in my back my chest
my throat no breath
wild maniacal snarl smiles
leering forever in my eyes
the downing drowning center
of a mindless whirlpool

animals kick at the fallen prey no no not animals man my god man

#### II.

I touch a bruised lump a swollen eye

hands hands did this hands that were once talcumed baby's hands hands that children held in endless games hands that hold and copy the knowledge of the world hands that touched and reached out to carress a lover

hands bruised and tore my flesh and cracked my bones not caring not knowing they were mine knowing only they were flesh and bone

my body drags in a thousand pains that cannot believe

#### III.

Time has a way with her and I healed

the touch of friends the drop of their salt tears fed my shrunken souland hate found no root in that acid soil

and bewildered horror was pushed behind my common sense and stable personality

and I can watch the News unperturbed

Now it is only in the dark seeking hours of the night that I remember I slipped into the lightning jagged crack of man's humanity

and saw what we are

Lynn parker



NOBODY'S HOME

Their sullen masks and stark blank stare made it known no one is there Nobody's home.

Footsteps are flat and voices are heard but movement is nil and I sense not a word

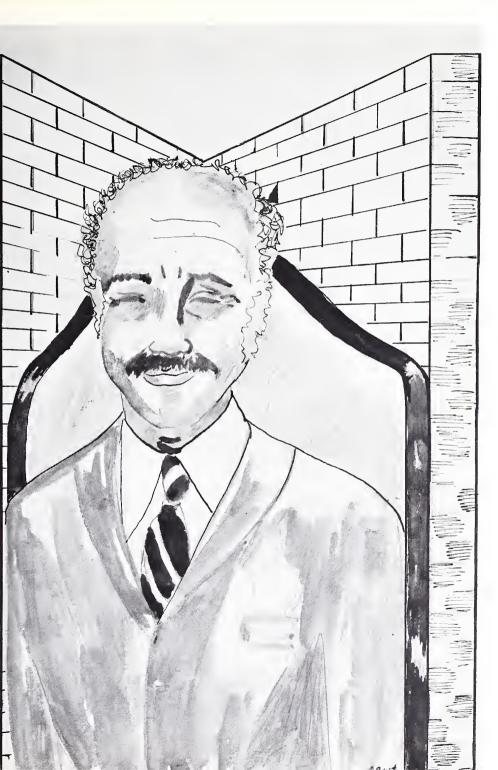
Objects are shifting as routine plods ontime marks their presence from dawn to dawn but nobody's home

a pale ghostly shadow still walks in the night and shows the resemblance that once there was life.

In agony we mourn for the spirit that died bewildered we ask if we really had tried for nobody's home.

The shutters are down the weeds start to grow we turn away sadly for now we know that nobody's home.

Bonny snyder



Or so he thought

First he built a little fence So visitors could be questioned Before they were allowed to enter And then only at his suggestion

This fence was fine for awhile But soon he realized Undesirables were creeping in And he wasn't able to scrutinize

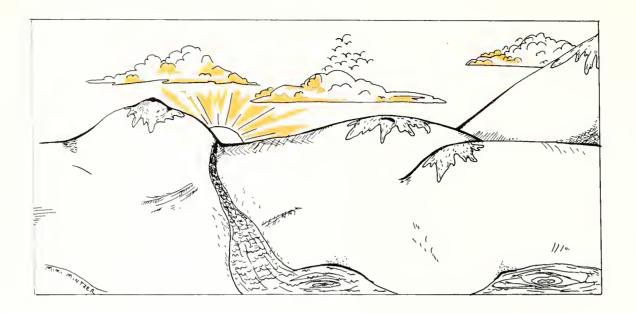
So he reinforced his little fence To build a stronger wall That would shield and protect him From treacheries large and small

The wall was fine for awhile But soon he realized Undesirables were climbing over That he wasn't able to visualize

So he added height to his wall Just a little every day Until the wall was so very tall And built perfect in every way

Now he sits in peace and comfort Getting old and gray too soon He can't see out. You can't see in And the sun only shines at high noon.

> Bonny Snyder



#### For J.R.

In spending the last black minutes of an entire night tied to words that say nothing I pause to watch the sun wink on the rim of an enormous twittering dawn.

In sharp envy
of the birds
effortless speech
I feel my chest leap
distended
and enflamed
with clamouring love thoughts
that find no voice
I feel my ribs swell
with a thousand
untellable messages
aching
to bid you closer; believing.

My god I may never see you again and vour face wounded and white clings to my fingers like slow heavy blood this morning after. The sun's eye runs silver through someone else's dawn but this sudden grey belongs to me and my hands my hands my hands that weep all your smiles that I may never touch again in thin lines of blue on this page splashed with crimson,

October 31, 1974

#### A Focus

a wide sun

falling drops past the earthline as birds cease their trembling settle and fade into the shapes of trees

In this near dark I pause the smell of rain hovering precedes those short wet rhythms still heavy with light

sensing earth worms
hunching and sprawling
under their damp clasps of mud
I watch
removed
aware
and abruptly bewildered
by the range of minute motion
obscured by all the stillness
that I had known of night.



Street guys
jump from bar to bar
winding
in frantic streams
past
hot steel grumbling
at stop lights
past
shopkeepers jittering
in doorways the search
is constant
for the easy dream
the quickest out

while suddenly
among the windows
lights
buildings
and brothers
a silent figure escapes the whole hustle
in one incredible
ten story score

G. shively-cater

Sounds of sanity
Flow past my head
I catch a word or two
But they only dissolve
In the acid of my mind
and the rest flows by
with increasing silence

Flyaway truths we held yesterday borne on the winged backs of passing glory

disappear into the sun

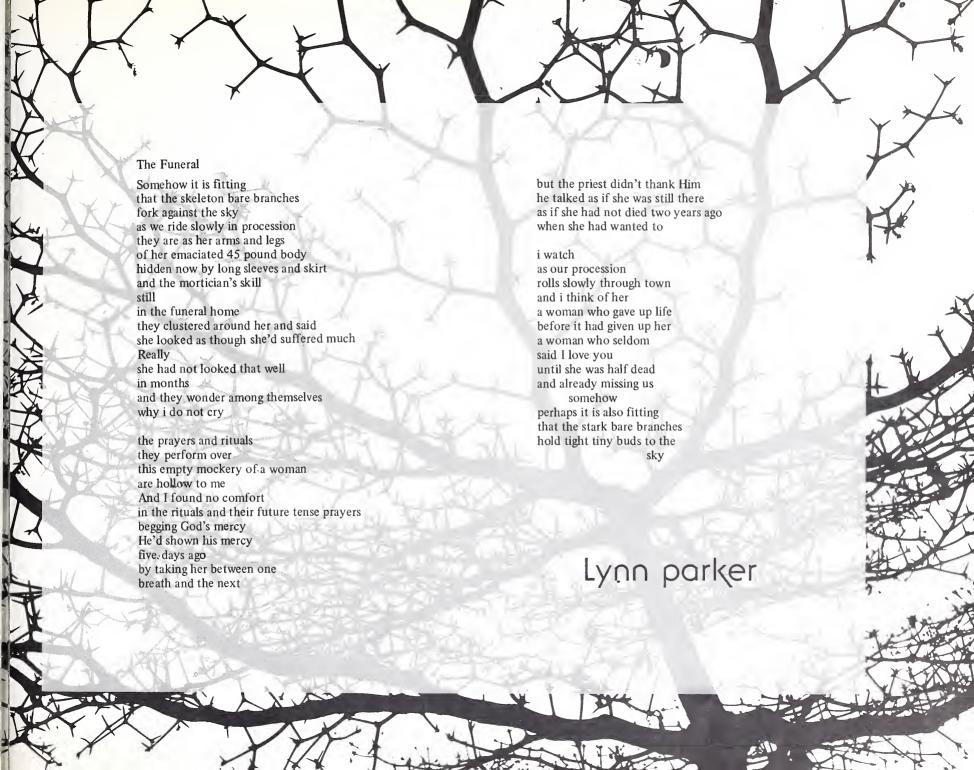
my mind top
wrenchingly wound
tighter and tighter
clenched
each nerve string
screamingly stretched
until
the taut
thin line
breaks

and all my bits of sanity are whirled away

farther and farther

farther

Lynn parker





# Those Potential Was Great

## by Mark Keating

Howard came home from work late Friday night and like most people who have ever indulged in the secure afterglow of receiving one's hard-earned paycheck, Howard wanted a midnight snack. Not a trifling middle-of-the-week pecking at some stale Sara Lee washed down with Bavarian-Swamp-Scum; but something big, something nice, something that would complement the satisfaction of the receipt of this week's pay.

Besides he was damn hungry.

Waves of culinary lust churned in his stomach as he fumbled with the outdoor latch that opened into the kitchen. Battalions of little amino acids and glucose globules stood in perfect but impatient attention awaiting the certain approach of food. Their muddy little faces lighting up with gastric greed as Howard reached for the Frigidaire's handle and with a little-boy's-Christmas-eve grin on his face, Howard opened her up.

Desolation.

Cat food, evaporated milk, baking soda, cob-without-the-corn, shee-IT! "That's the price one pays for living with his parents", he muttered. He

was thinking about moving out and how he would keep his refrigerator better stocked than this wasteland, when. . .

When Howard smelled something, something good, real good. He paused, evidently his nose had detected something his eyes had missed. What could it be? With a stern look of determination, Howard put his excited olfactories to work.

Howard searched from the first shelf, working his way down much like a uranium prospector. At the third level his Geiger-counter told him he was closing in. And sure enough, careful examination revealed a medium-large avacado bowl tucked in deep behind the low-cal cranberry cocktail.

He reached in with both hands and upset an overripe grape from its vine. It fell and bounced insipidly through the wire shelves like a wayward pinball. Howard brought forth the bowl, laid it on the counter and drew away the Saran wrap.

The aroma assailed his nostrils in a torrent.

Potato salad! Hot damn! Anything to drink? No? What the hell, iced tea sounds good enough. Jeez, potato salad. Mom always knew best.

Armed with a pitcher of Nestea and a soup spoon, Howard

ravenously attacked his prey. However, he was disappointed.

"Too flat, man," he murmured. "There's not enough to it."

Reaching toward the spice cabinet, Howard set about improving his meal. Paprika was his first choice. He sprinkled on a moderate amount and sampled the salad, "Bleh," he said.

A more liberal sprinkling was of no avail. "It just hasn't any punch."

He scanned the spice box further. Oregano was next and that was nowhere. Ginger, thyme, and rosemary also fell by the wayside.

Howard was getting impatient. Nothing could liven this slop up! Mustard, worcestershire sauce, maple syrup,...NOTHING!

It was after Howard had added ammonia and Drano to the potato salad that he stopped trying. Of course he couldn't try any longer, he was dead.

Which brings us to the question concerning this story's title. Really, how much potential could someone have if he was brainless enough to poison his own midnight snack?? But maybe his potential was hidden. Or maybe we just never got a chance to learn his potential. Or maybe his potential was not so great to begin with.

Who knows? you decide.

word thoughts ooze slowly
from mind to pen
sometimes syrupy sweet and thick
sometimes with the slow
bitter aftertaste
of molasses
some congeal to stagnant hardness
but some drops
lie and catch
the fly of
man's imagination
and hold it fast

So you remember too the picture of the burned child as she ran naked playing hide-and-seek with bombs

except the only ally-ally-outs-in-free is a quick death

they tell me that the war is over now but my nightmare never changed i still run screaming amid the rain, of bombs knowing there's no place to go

and the picture they took is me.

## Lynn parker

your "how-are-you" frightens me for i am tempted to tell you the truth that my mind grows darker every day like the soft pulp of a diseased fruit but i say "just-fine" so you will ask again

The society thermostat of my air conditioned mind never lets my emotions get too hot lest I mildew Have you forgotten the strange blue waves that beat upon the shore? Do you remember how terrifyingly beautiful they were The first time we saw them? Have you forgotten the wind against our faces?

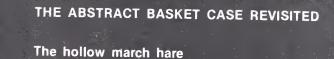
blowing free and wild once we had run to the top of the hill Come.

Walk with me.

Let us do each thing anew.

Let our dignity leave us for a little while unless. . .

you really have forgotten.



Ine hollow march hare
literally trucky in
from the West Coast,
stops in half April
and drops
fourteen tons of
yellow jelly beans
on my stooping doorstep.

He says he
hopes the Guy
was reconstructed
from the flaming souls
of dancing fools
on Tuesday
thereby proving his
immaculate conception
that all things are
eggs in the end.



I awoke from a dream of freedom Some cruel light slipped in from the hall Someone was talking about me, the guard I think On the bunk below was my sleeping mate The bars on the window were still intact and quietly behind them was the dream I'd lost.

Woke up late

no starting gate, drove too fast tempting my fate

wondered what the man would say

Too much play, oh well

I'll only miss the pay

But when I arrived I was alone

With quiet phones,

typewriters stoned

No pin-striped Mr. Jones And I got the dismal feeling

it might be Saturday

or a labor holiday

I thought I might be sick Then from out in the hall

a laughing, door-crashing call
I thought I'd fall, In came...
Mr. Jones and workers with contented sighs

No coats No ties coffee and pies

Some for me,

but Í like tea

So, they smiled, take off your tie

have some pie, talk.

Talk. I didn't know what to say

didn't know the way, still questioned the d

Instead I took the coffee

first sip burnt my lips I wouldn't have screamed

if it was a dream

I slept late

no starting gate

and slept through the changing of the world



From the faucet
in rivers down my drain
water sweeps away my grime
before it can stain
and flows the little cog into the earth
death and birth - equal in worth

if men could only see the burden he hopes to carry. Like

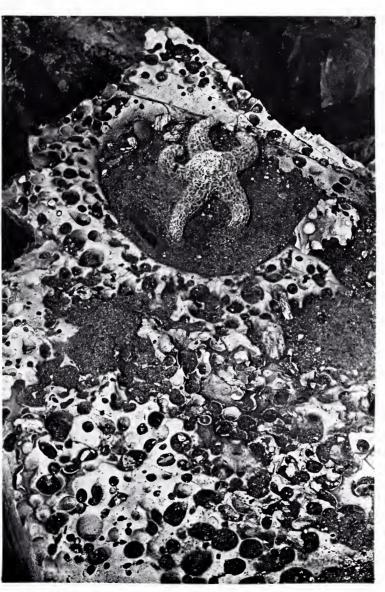
after one more room
he hopes to own
with nothing to gain
he batters his brain
flies insane.....dies in vain
But he tried
and we love him for it.
Armies marching in the streets
pounding feet
shuffling caused to and fro and
man out in space

a fly against a mirror

said to be testing his wings modern dreams are costly flings But they all die

like the fly

and their dust is washed from bodies down the drain.



Nancy Carta

## Ron

The bitterness of my heart the restriction of my soul a burning rage outweighing my age stays steady my want My want to know to flow to be, to show and to grow bigger than the chains that bind me the morning bright the absence of light horror of buildings that spring overnight Truths told in cities unseen fields of asphalt death to all green Painted paths to tread light signs that sing heavy hued air made to level the brain Mornings have to sigh children have to cry men have to die birds are chained to the sky living is a crime--so are words that rhyme



## THE CORRIDORS OF MY MIND

## by Jack Wilkins

I awaken and a corridor is before me — inviting, enticing, insisting. Yeilding, I rouse myself to reluctant activity.

Almost immediately, I discover that the Prodigy has been here again. I had pondered long and hard over two porblems just before I fell asleep; and here they are, neatly worked out, with the solutions clearly indicated. Gee, thanks!

Strange about the Prodigy. He's extremely helpful in many different ways, but he's very shy and secretive about it. I know he must live in the corridors too, but we have never actually met. Except for a few fleeting glimpses, always at a distance and quite indistinct, he has eluded me completely.

A shadow-voice begins to speak. "Urgent! Have to talk to Bill today. Better call before he gets away from home, or we'll never catch him." Having complied, I rush along the corridor and enter an office, where I perfunctorily review a memorandum of responsibilities for the day.

The shadow-voice does not speak again, but there is a distant murmuring of fretful, apprehensive little noises. This has happened a number of times lately. Automatically, I adjust a control and the sounds are no longer heard, but I am obscurely troubled by an overpowering certainty that they have not ceased.

I am vaguely conscious of someone showering, shaving, dressing — but these oblique perceptions are extraneous and unimportant. Hurrying along the corridor again, I become aware of insistent voices and open a communication-window. It is She and the Small One, and I ignore the persistent signals of the corridor while I share whatever is to be shared—the important or the trivial—with the two key Others of my existence.

I dimly recall lost dreams of having one or both of these dear Others explore some of the corridors with me or of visiting corridors they might want to share with me. There have been times when each of us has ventured a few timid steps into a corridor with an Other; but a feeling of strangeness and fear grips both venturer and venturee, followed by an unwonted and overwhelming shyness and a hasty withdrawal. Therefore, I do not resent having to open a communication-window for them as I often do when disturbed by less important Others, as every possible means of sharing is extremely precious to me.

All too soon, the windows begin to close automatically as each of us responds to urgent signals demanding attention to our individual corridors. Ready or not, we must go our separate ways for the day.

Re-entering the office momentarily, I assure myself that everything is in good order and return to the corridor.

In a shadowy, nebulous manner, I discern vehicles, Others, door's, an elevator, more doors — but I have turned a corner and am preoccupied by a corridor I particularly like to visit. It

MIND MIND MIND MIND MIND MIND MIND MND MINIT

is so comfortable and relaxing, and everything I like seems to be here. I don't know how it is done, but my slightest thought brings the most delightful sensory — and sensual — impressions. Some of the Others say it is "only imagination," but I do not see how that can be so. I do not have the capacity even to think of all the fantastically detailed illusions that capture my consciousness with the effect of total reality. Could the Prodigy be capable of producing such wonders? Exploring that thought might be appealing, but it can't begin to compete with the lure of this fascinating retreat.

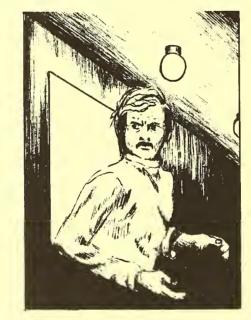
Fleeing the pressures of my work and responsibilities which I know are pursuing me, 1 recline upon the downy softness of a white sand beach while the gentle hypnosis of the waves drives away every disquieting thought. . . The blue of sea and sky flow through me like a healing balm, and soothing breezes caress my bare body and whisper through the nearby palm trees. . .The whispering of the palm fronds transforms itself into a melody, and the lapping of the waves becomes its accompaniment. . . I am the melody, reveling in lush harmonies and weaving ecstatically among the exquisite counterpoints of a magnificent symphony. Sounds blend with a broader spectrum of colors and scents as, feather-light and graceful, I dance on tiptoe through the open spaces of a vista of green lawns, sparkling fountains, blossoming trees and shrubs, twittering birds, and an endless profusion of flowers. . . Leaping higher, I soar silently through strange and wonderful cloud-kingdoms. . .

An alarm sounds and I land with a jolt. Who sounded the alarm? The Prodigy? How dare he or any Other interrupt so rudely? Why? Pulling myself together, I rush toward the alarm and the frantically flashing monitor of the communication-window. I throw it open and immediately reel backward from the verbal

assault in progress.

"...goddam silly smirk off your face and take something seriously for a change. I'm goddam sick and tired of your goddam irresponsible attitude! If you don't get off your goddam ass and carry your share of the goddam load, I'm going to let the whole goddam organization know you aren't even fit to be a goddam junior clerk! And furthermore, ..."

The Colleague. He's been becoming more and more critical of me for months, and it's



really getting to me. I know he's pretty hair-triggered and his wife nags him, but this is ridiculous! Why, he looks and sounds like my father!

As the corridor begins to throb with fury, I stab THE Button and immediately a counterflow of seething invective is launched. With a surge of eleation, I realize that my countervolley has been so effective that it has arrested his tirade in mid-sentence.

I slam the communication-window and

return my attention to the corridor. The throbbing of the walls has subsided, and I am beginning to be shaken by the recoil of the forces I haven unloosed.

Now why did I go and do that? I have to work with that guy and he is damn good in his way. I should have recognized that he was building up hostility. I could have headed off that explosion if I had opened the communication-window more often. Now communication has been inhibited so seriously that it will be next to impossible to restore it.

Is this what the Prodigy has been whimpering about? Was he trying to warn me? I shouldn't have turned down the intercom. Several alarms are sounding, but I am obsessed with my desire to escape from this depressing debacle.

Weak and trembling, I flee into another corridor. I find myself in a dimly-lighted gallery lined with pictures of various situations in the past in which I have caused myself incalculable distress by pushing THE Button to hastily. My cheeks and temples are burning with shame as I try to hasten from this wretched place; but my steps are strangely hindered, as if I were walking in some sticky substance such as spilled syrup or paint that is not yet dry.

Somehwere, someone is chain smoking, answering the telephone, checking papers, giving instructions, signing documents, eating a solitary lunch — but that is of no interest to me.

Totally despondent, I lunge around a turn and find myself in a low and narrow tunnel. It is dim and shadowy, and it becomes increasingly dank and murky as I try to hurry along. My steps slow as the tunnel drops lower, and I seem to be plodding along in ankle-deep mud. The rough stone walls are covered with mold and slime.

With morbid perseverance, I press onward. I would like to turn back, but I cannot bear to face the damning evidence in the picture gallery. There has to be a turn-off before long!

Now I am groping in nearly total darkness, and with each slogging footstep I sink to my knees in quagmire. I dare not pause or I will be trapped by the grasping quicksand. Loathsome things slither about me in the darkness, and there is a ghostly rustle of wings about my head and ears.

Sobbing and gasping, I struggle on, as the throbbing in my ears rises in an intolerable crescendo.

An alarm is blasting somewhere near, and a luminous monitor panel appears in the darkness. . .Searing, rending pain! What has happened? Has someone or something struck me a blockbuster blow in the chest? The agony engulfs me and I cannot get my breath. An incredible, white-hot thunderbolt streaks down my left arm and immobilizes it.

Doggedly, hopelessly, I lurch forward once more and stumble into emptiness. The blackness of the pit engulfs me.

Somewhere, someone screams; some Other runs, shouts, stretches a limp body on the floor; but I am falling, endlessly falling in the hungry nothingness.

When awareness returns, I am waiting. The Men in White are consulting in the adjacent room, and I must wait until they reach a decision.

I have been here before, but this time there is an atmosphere of weighty concentration and solemn deliberation. I want to enter the room, to express my wishes even though I cannot quite remember what they are; but I am helplessly immobile, like a disconnected machine.

The voices drone on, but I can only catch an occasional word. ". . . .suppressed. . . .psychosomatic. . . .tension. . . .physical damage. . .entity. . .withdrawal. . .death. . .purpose. . . .assist. . .good. . . ."

I do not know who the Men in White are or

why I am here. They are not like the Others; and I dimly comprehend that they have some urgent concern with the pattern and purpose of my life, although it is unfathomable to me. In a state of total abstraction, I wait with neither hope nor dread for whatever they determine is to be.

With no detectable movement through time or space, I find myself in a familiar corridor. The alarm is no longer sounding, and the monitor panel registers only a dull ache in my chest.

The sensors report hospital sounds and odors. The audio conveys: "Doctor says to keep you under sedation for tonight."

I try to tell them that I go tripping worse than a pot-head on any kind of sedative, but I cannot get the communication-window open and an indicator on the monitor panel vibrates slightly at the momentary prick of a needle. A great weariness overwhelms me as I drift away along the corridor.

do not know how much time has passed, but I spring to attention. Oh, yes! I remember now. The hospital.

Dark. Must be late at night. Music. Muskc0 Music! Dance band music of the '30's. Must be a nostalgia program on one of the allnight radio stations.

Who the devil is playing the radio at this hour? Something very strange about this. Hospitals don't permit lound radios or TV's.

Have to find out where it's coming from. Mustn't let a nurse catch me. . . . Check the hallway and adjacent rooms. . . . Nothing. Don't even hear it any more.

Back to bed. Head on the nice, cool pillow. Music. The music! My God, it's inside my head!.

The sedative! Pot-head!

Oh, well, I'll try to ignore it and go to sleep. I continue to drift along the corridor.

The music has stopped. Now there is a newscast babbling interminably. I try to ignore the words, hoping it will end soon, but it drones garrulously on and on. I am fairly certain that the Prodigy is responsible for all kinds of illusions, dreams, and such stuff, but he must be very thoroughly stoned to put on such a stupid program as this.

An audio monitor signals: Intelligibility Index zero! Why, it sounds like double-talk or something! If the Prodigy is putting on this dumb show, why would he signal that there is something wrong with it? Maybe he wants me to listen for some reason. Might as well — can't sleep anyway.

Oh, guess the newscast is over — the music has started again. The music has picked up tempo and now it is a lively, lilting tune. A throng of children has appeared from nowhere and they are frolicking around me, chattering and shrieking with laughter. I wish they would go away and let me sleep, but they are enjoying themselves immensely. Finally the good witch of some-direction-or-other gathers them up on her broom and they go flying away, singing for all they are worth. "We're off to see the Wizard," no less! "Good-bye, Mr. Watson!" they chorus, "Good-bye!" As they disappear in the distance, one — trailing slightly behind — calls back, "Good-bye, Mis-ter Wat-son!"

At last! Now for some sleep!

Sleep — hah! A trapdoor springs open and the children come bounding out, laughing and shouting boisterously. They have been joined by a marching band and a team of acrobats. I crouch in disgust and weariness while the bedlam swirls about me. I can't take any more of this. Got to get away from here.

I finally make my way through the pandemonium and enter a restaurant. The place is crowded, but it is better than the riot I have just left. I never realized, though, that people could make such a racket with supposedly quiet personal conversation. I try not to listen, but I can't help hearing the conversation at the next table: "...and he said to me (thump)...and he said to me (thump)....so I said to him (thump)...so I said to him (thump)."

What is this? I look at the people more closely. Clumsy position, expressionless faces, stringy hair, crudely-jointed arms. . .Marionettes! All of them! And the restaurant is only flimsy, sketchily-painted flats.

Suddenly, I discover a wizened little old stage manager rushing frantically about, working levers to create an illusion of movement and action, rewinding the faulty and repetitive speech mechanisms, propping up collapsing scenery. . .

Why, he reminds me of the few glimpses I have caught of the Prodigy! Could it be the Prodigy? But the little old man has disappeared.

I stumble back outside and the uproar is worse than ever. Enough is enough! GET OUT OF HERE!

They look at me in surprise, but the racket continues. I note with satisfaction that the trapdoor is open behind them. Shouting and gesticulating, I back them through it. The band is playing triple *forte*, but the continue to give ground step-by-step before my determined onslaught.

Finally they are all gone and I slam the door and secure it thoroughly. Only a trace of slight vibrations from below lets me know that the band is still stamping around and blaring at full volume.

Ah! The silence. The beautiful, beautiful silence! After all the endless din, it has a keenness of texture that is almost a sound in itself.

It is a sound! Pipe organ music. Everything in sharps. Beautiful baroque pipe organ music. I'll settle for that. Sleep — oh. boy!

Audio: "Roll over just a little, please." Hastily, I open the communication-window. Please, nurse, that stuff is giving me mind-blowing hallucinations!

Doubtful. Still pushing me over to get at my hip. Got to stop her. I roll the opposite way, continuing to protest vigorously.

"Now, now! Mustn't get upset! Doctor will be here soon. Guess we can wait and see what he says."

Oh, wow! Couldn't have taken much more of that! Doctor coming. Got to get things sorted out.

The kooky hallucinations. The overworked stage manager resorting to all kinds of makeshifts. . .

Could the Prodigy be tring to tell me he can't handle everything I've been leaving for him to take care of?

. What happened to me, anyway? Heart attack? Couldn't be — I wouldn't feel perfectly okay now.

Let's see. Hit THE Button again like a dang fool. Once too often, I guess. Too much pressure coming from somewhere. Over-reacted because. . .because. . .

Suddently 1 know. I race through the corridors to the Locked Room. I had vowed never to come here again. Even told myself I

had forgotten the way. Why did I throw away the keys? I batter frantically and futilely at the locks.

Abruptly, the door opens, although the locks are intact. Who did that? I thought I had a half-glimpse of a small figure darting out of sight. I'll have to think about that later — this won't wait.

The pictures are still here, just as they have always been. I gather my resolve to face them.

My Father, picking me up in his arms and saying, "Hey, Son, you're all right now. Daddy won't let anyone hurt you.". . . Clenching my teeth, I rip down the canvas: My father, frowning down at me as I stand, disheveled and sobbing — "What's the matter, cry-baby? Can't you take up for yourself?"

My Father, smiling and telling an amusing story as my mother and I sit at the table listening eagerly, too captivated to remember to eat. . . .Grimly, I grab at the canvas and strip it away: My father, cursing and snarling at a few moments' delay, while my mother — ill, and exhausted from the long day's toil at the factory — seasons with her tears the food she is bringing to the table.

Oh, God! I can't bear it! I can't go on...but I must! I will never be free from it until I have accepted the bitter truth — all of it!

My Father speaking calmly and reassuringly as I stand uncertainly on the divingboard, "Come on, Son. You can do it. Just take a deep breath and then jump. I'll be right here."... I claw away the counterfeit and stare at the original: My father, scowling and grumbling, "Goddam sissy! Might as well put a dress on you and make a girl out of you!"

My Father's warm smile as he declares, "It's the nicest Christmas tree we've ever had. Say, Sonny Boy, what do you want most of all for Christmas?". . .Numbly, I remove the fabrication and view the actuality: My father's

smug expression as he gloats, "I'm going to ge me a Christmas tree today, and some new or naments. My new ring will be ready, too — really elegant intaglio-cut hematite in a massive gold setting. Expensive, but it looks it. . What do you mean — roller skates? Your new school pants and jacket were your Christmas present. You'll get a shirt and maybe some socks if you're lucky."

My Father beaming with pride as my family and I visit with him and mother and tell of all our little joys and triumphs. . . . I rend the sham and expose the fact: My father, dark with anger, his eyes piercing like arrows — "I don't give a damn how old you are! You still don't know what's good for you. Now promise me that you'll never do a stupid thing like that again!"

My Father on his deathbed. My grief is soothed and comforted by his gentle words, "I've always loved you, Son. I'm very proud of you."... I sweep away the lie and face the truth: My father, abnormally quiet and subdued — friendly enough, but expressing no real affection — hungrily grasping all that I can give of myself and more, and giving me nothing. ..nothing.

With the shreds of hopeless longings and futile dreams under foot, I survey the unadorned actualities. Why did I ever try to deceive myself? It is painful to accept the inexorable facts, but it is better than the agony of yearning for that which never was and never can be.

A surge of compassion flows through me and carries away the dregs of bitterness. What made him that way? What had he suffered that turned him into what he was? Or was he that way from the beginning? Perhaps I shall never know the answer. I do not believe that it can be found within the corridors.

But it is too late for anything to be changed — too late for false hope, and too late to waste time in vain regret. Requiescat in pace. I shall

leave the door ajar, but I have no interest in returning here.

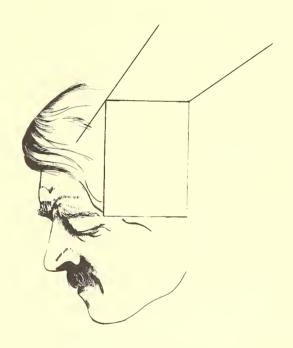
Audio, very softly and tentatively: "Jim?" The Colleagues's voice. I throw open the communication-window and greet him warmly. He is standing there self-consciously, holding a vase of flowers and a couple of my favorite magazines. "Gee, Jim, I didn't realize there was anything wrong. I hope you'll forgive me for being such a bastard."

"As one bastard to another, old buddy, let's both forget it ever happened. I'm sure things are going to be better between us from now on. . . I'm all right — just caused a big uproar over nothing."

The Doctor. "Sorry I've been delayed. Emergency, you know. You're a very lucky guy. You'd better get rid of some of that tension, or next time it's going to be a heart attack for real... I guess you can be discharged today if you will promise to take a few days off and relax. Okay? See me at the office in a week — I'll have to make sure you're behaving yourself."

Easing along the corridor. Someone is peeking around a corner. The Prodigy! I hold out my hand and the pixie child-man takes a hesitant step toward me. Little fellow, it's time we got together.

Together! What a beautiful word! I hope we're going to be friends. Very good friends!



#### Water

a doe and two fawn come near I move an arm to show I'm there in a prance they disappear A bull moose raises his head at the dear's fright With a look of concern I assure him the brook's water is my desire A gesture of acceptance of water's necessity and ecstasy is given by the elder moose Stepping to the water's edge I notice two other moose appear Much younger these others coming closer to observe the strange stranger My preoccupation with the water is familiar The moose are reassured and once again drink freely not afraid to close their eyes

#### Rudy schutter

#### Untitleable

sound of a sight
sight of a thought
the feeling of that sense
which peels the brain
auctions the soul

fear for a price time and space phenomena. that which seeks to know me through this lifes stage that which believes not that which is seriously bound a quest, scientific dissection this thing love of what stuff must it be imagined; the examiners pondering patience all the time in a minute eighty billion years a decision favorable or dissatisfactory I deny faith in any experiment whether the results be sterile or acceptable

to that which plays with the players
I leave

my gun

#### Swan Volcano

The trees sway,
as links of the mountains necklace.
Tall straight and bare
to the tops of their green ceilings,
are the pillars of the doe's palace.
A hill's crown, daring to reach
through thinner air.

The pine, threatens grazing
of elk, moose, deer,
and buffalo.
Animals in anger sharpened
their antlers and stripped

the bark to bring death
and show the weakness
of the saplings.

A rocky soil, too weak to hold
the top heavy helm of a raven
through a strong wind
or the rush
of a melting snow.

A land in memory
of earth's last eruption.
Still warm, still shaking,
yet still.
A crack, a squeak, a groan.

The enchanted forest,
trees leaning on one another.
a squirrel's crackle
a chipmunk's chirp
the raven's waring.

There, a seven foot rattler skin, the serpents seasonal wardrobe...

Yet later, further on,
where it is quiet,
where it is calm.

The swan curves its neck

to the river world gliding by

No movement is caught,

perhaps a trail is obtained by

the imperfect eye.

A white feather throne is now near a separate bank.

Hours later through the stationary existence the white love comes near again.

A feeling grows, an expansion in the chest or perhaps an emptiness there,

caused by a deterioration of substance.

Without movement or loss of position

the white goddess is drawn by the vacuum of her place in my soul.

The world has shrunk,

and we are near.

As I stand from behind the riverside brush the world again expands,

the swan and I are removed,
as molecules of a heated gas
become further and further apart,
until if contained they may explode
or may just expand to nothing
left only to hold

the breath through death.

A parting, a leaving a shallow deception of fear, leaving a salty tear

in the eye of an intruder
at being taken as ugly
or cruel,

in the wrong place, the wrong mind.

A white love is now a white puff as it is drawn away. An explosion occurs somewhere, bringing together particles

and then sending the news of their energy

to the boundaries

of a surrounding limit.

It was only a raven's cry, to declare outrage

at my concern with the goddess.

The vision fades, all turns red

in the Fall's sunset, a journey continues into the black night.

A walk continues,

a volcano rumbles, and sleep approaches with winter; a cave lies only miles away, to enter days of the dreams

and give the soul

a rest from the separations,
the definitiveness.

Rudy Schutter

Ah! Love! 'tis not enough to sit and play the Bach, -to Lie Along at night and read the Book, O God of Jowah, Job And 90seph-this floor is cold and harp! it spins, unfelt, beneath my feet = turning away, i fall to sleep And dREAM of flesh. there Always A song in my heart when I wake, no lively fugue, or mournful psalm, or sleep soft seduction. La Chanson cles vieux Amants - A whisper, that alkaws me weak and NEARER - A cloak to warm me - for dreams are not enough 9 and waking - 9 have Left the storm and walked into the night.

#### ransom

A fight! A fight!
My brain's stuck on "bright"
and they won't let me stop the current.
They shout "produce"
I've got to cut loose
before all of my mind is spent.

I had it then I lost it
I burned it, then I bossed it
and I stuck it down a hole to germinate
I kissed it, then I killed it
but before the hole was filled in
some goofy gut yelled "Terminate"

So now I'm bound head to toe by some creatures, don't you know my own conscience, slave driver mine. As I pound the silly keys my brain is on it's knees begging: Time, my life is on the line.

And as you're looking in
I reflect your simple grin
You console and ask "What's the matter?
I am lying on the floor
and I'm crazy what is more
so are you and your old Hatter.



small weeds pushing up from
under grey sand
shaded by a wet fern
under a tall plant wearing
purple leaves
three small squirrels sit

staring
unmoving
Surrounding all, a glass dome
with one word on it's side
PYREX

Gail

## Christmas 1937



Jim Swarthout

by Deane Riley

Stevens dressing table read 3:30 p.m. she knew at exactly 3:45 p.m. the back door would open and bangshut as one continuous movement: this would herald the arrival of Bessie from school.

As she removed her glasses and rubbed her eves: she had a feeling of deep satisfaction. For the past two hours she had been sewing a costume of white muslin for her young daughter. She was finished except attaching the gossamer wings to the angel outfit. Mrs. Stevens was

pleased that Bessie had been picked The porcelain clock on Mrs. to play the main angel in the school's Christmas play: however, she couldn't help but smile with the thought that Bessie would have made a better shepard.

The back door opened then closed with a loud bang. There she was looking like a painted elf. Blue eyes, nose and cheeks reddened by the winter's day. Off came the blue coat. green hat, and faded vellow mittens: all carelessly thrown over the back of the rocking chair. School books, note paper, and lunch box flopped on the kitchen table.

ello love," Mrs. Stevens said, "How did the play and school go today?"

"Fine, just fine, but I have something to tell you. It's a matter of life or death."

"Go wash your hands and you may have a nice piece of bread with honey."

"Not yet Mama, this can't wait; I must tell you this very minute. I'm in love, completely in love."

"What's his name?"

"Oh Mama, it's not a stinkin' old boy, it's a bicycle."

"A bicycle?" Mother laughing said "Last week it was Mr. Olson's black horse, and the week before that it was Katie's kittens, all five of them."

"I know and I did love them, but this is different. I'll just die if I can't have it."

Mother said, "will you please stop

talking so fast: I can hardly understand a word you are saying."

Impatiently I told her, "Oh, Mama please listen to me. It's the most important thing in my life. I'm trying to tell you about the wonderful girl's white balloon tired bike. Coming from school I saw it today in Mr. Bob's store window. If I can't have it I just might throw myself off a high cliff "

"What nonsense is that? Of course you won't jump off a cliff, and you know we do not have money for a new bicycle." said Mother.

"It will soon be Christmas; couldn't Santa bring it to Me?" I pleaded.

"How come last year you told me with all the authority and malice of a ten year old. "there is no Santa Clause?" Now you expect him to bring an expensive bicycle."

"Oh, forget him, couldn't you and Dad get it for me. I won't ask for any

other presents. I promise I'll do the inside?" dishes every night, hang up my : As we entered the door, we were clothes, and keep my room clean. You won't even have to tell me. Not even once. I promise, I promise, I promise."

"Honey, you know we would get the bicycle for you if we could, and you also know perfectly well your Dad hasn't worked for the past six weeks. We just don't have that kind of money."

"Then will you please just come and see it with me? Please, Mama, please, I want you to see it. It looks so grand with a big red bow tied around the white leather seat."

"Tomorrow when I do the food shopping for the holidays you can come with me, and I shall look at your latest love." Mother said.

The next day was lovely, not a bit like December, more like May, It was fun walking to town with Mama; she always looked so pretty and smelled so good. I thought will I ever be as lovely as Mama?

After shopping we went to Mr. Bob's shop; just two blocks from the grocer's store. As we came up to the window, my heart was pounding so fast I thought I might get sick.

I told Mama, "I'm going to faint, yes I am, I' going to faint dead away right here on the street."

Mother quietly said, "Aren't you exaggerating a bit? You're not going to faint; you have never fainted in your life."

We stood admiring the white bicycle: Mother then turned and looked down at me. With a smile she said, "Yes, Bessie, it is a most at-

announced by the tinkling of a small bell. Mr. Bob came from the back room wiping grease from his hands with a dirty rag. When he saw Mama. a big smile covered his homely face. "Hello there Lillian, how are you today? You look pretty as a picture," he said.

A lovely pink color came to my Mother's face as she said. "I'll bet you tell that to all the girls. How is your wife and nice family Bob?"

"Good, Lillian, good," He turned to me then back to Mother and asked, "Which one of your girls is this; Nellie, Bessie, or Jeannie?"

This made me mad, after all these years wouldn't you think he would know I'm Bessie. Everytime he sees one of us he asks the same darn. dumb guestion.

"This is Bessie; the baby of the family."

"Well what do you know about that; they sure grow up in a hurry." he said as if surprised. "What do you think about this fine weather we are having?"

Now I was getting annoyed. Why, I thought, do grown-ups have to talk so much and say so little.

"Looking for a bicycle for yourself?" he teasingly asked Mother.

"Heavens no, Bessie has been pestering me to come by to see the handsome white bicycle in the window."

Mr. Bob said, "That one is a real beauty. It's so classy it even has a name, "White Lightening"."

They both laughed, but I couldn't and pay fifty cents a week." tractive bicycle; would you like to go see the joke if there was one. Grown-

ups do have strange wavs.

where the "White platform Lightening" was on display, and gently wheeled it to the floor.

"Bessie." he said in a quiet voice, "I can't let you ride it, the tires will get dirty then it won't look new; however, if you like you may sit on it ''

I knew I would surely die, me sitting on the "White Lightening."

I could vision Christmas morning. There is would be parked by the Christmas tree. I'd put on a brand new green fuzzy snow suit, one just like Claire wears. I'd get on my new bicycle and ride all over the neighborhood. The other kids would be iealous of me and say, "there goes that stuck-up rich kid, Bessie."

"How much is it Bob?" Mother asked

For just a second he hesitated as if an apology. "Lillian it's \$19.95."

I saw the smile leave Mother's face. "Does it really cost so much? I never dreamed it would be so expensive." she said.

"Well it is my most expensive model. But for an old friend I could knock off a couple dollars, say \$17.95."

Mother shook her head sadly, I'm sorry there is just no way we can afford so much money at this time. You know Eugene went back to the Foundry in Provo just last week."

Mr. Bob looked troubled then he said. "I wouldn't do this for anyone but you; maybe we could work out a deal where you put a dollar down

Mother was silent for just a was everything I had ever wanted.

second. I held my breath — then she He took one step up the small said, "No. Bob, we don't ask credit from anyone. If we can't afford it we do without."

> Now I knew for sure I would die, but this time from disappointment. As we walked home the day was no longer so pretty, or the Christmas decorations so brilliant.

> I wouldn't give up hope. Maybe, just maybe, if I were very good and pray very hard a miracle would happen.

> On the eve of Christmas, as if by request, a slight cold rain started to fall then turned to snow. I thought we'll have a white Christmas for my white bicycle.

Christmas morning I did not have to be called or coaxed out of bed, but was awake before the sun came over the mountains. Dad was building a fire in the coal stove. I heard him say. "Bessie, just as soon as the chill is off the room you can come in and see what Santa brought."

"Oh, Daddy," I shouted, "Stop kidding me. I don't believe in that fat fraud." I couldn't stand the suspense much longer. Would it be there waiting for me?

I thought I would throw-up.

"You can come out now Bessie." Dad called.

I banged out of the cold bedroom. bumped my head on the door, but I didn't even feel it. The front room was warm and smelled of pine. There IT was just like in my dreams. It was so beautiful, so beautiful I didn't notice it wasn't new, it wasn't white at all but red, no balloon tires, it wasn't a girl's bicycle but a boy's. It

#### To A Teacher

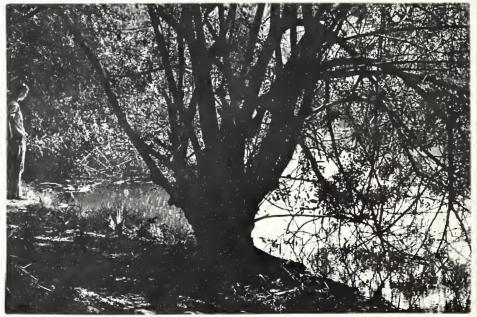
Have we already made the dream into a velvet blanket which covers the teardrops which have never stopped falling from the vawning sky? I don't know who you were when you needed to be someone who could relate to someone like me Whoever you were, I miss him I never admired another as much and with the added respect, it seemed an uncanny affinity; and still there is respect. But you scare me now when I watch you searching for a new way to get at life and when I fear that life is nowhere near you Teacher, turn around, it's time for someone else to teach you something I can feel you when you feel for bright warm women who hang lose and rapp for hours about Kurt Vonnegut. Kurt Vonnegut. To hell with Kurt Vonnegut.

When I am self-assured

When I'm freaked or stoned....freak out friend, it's good for you....
I feel overwhelmed by the searchlights you send out to find me
I wonder where your heart goes when your mind forgets to give it shelter where it finds the time to climb into blossom; how it can conjure up enough courage to reach out for time - and space - and all your mind grasps for so anxiously below the sweaty sun dripping in beams pounding away at the head it hides from

When we met you had to cover over glowing grin with hand
You smile at innocence, you know
You fear it, too, especially your own
Like the way you weep
then deny it
and expect me to figure out why
I used to think I was wrong about life because I looked at it
through people like you
I called myself a coward
What a fool!
I called the wrong person

When I'm hard on humanity
Am I in audacity asking myself
If I am better than the rest?
Isn't I who claims to love
all of humanity?
When I expect the unexpectable am I
asking a potential me
to materialize in someone elses entity
So I'll be sure the would be me is still worth striving for
Wasn't it I who knew that if not for humanity
None of us would be who we are?



Sandra Ward

He is the Psychiatrist

One must be strong To go down all the way

to the bottom

of the dark staircase

because it sways past surreal hallways and ends its guided tour on the lower landing of the dead

I could call him to tell about the one astounding gunshot that would bid the fears goodbye He does not know they're real. But he is not strong enough to come down here with me to see for himself He only hears He has not yet learned to listen

Have i in eighteen adult years
watching silly children on my way out of suburban windows
in yellow draped bedrooms
The unsheltered sanctum of anxiety
Trapped
by pinching nerves
and muffled ingenuity

#### Moratorium

I'm never again going to say I'm sorry I'm never going to feel the guilt of man on my shoulders again If woman wants to hide from hell and bury herself in her depths of degradation and anonymity tell her for me I don't give a damn I don't even see her humiliated body If the poor are too abused to choose another life than one of lethargy far will it be from me to offer them new motivation If any man is poor, I am his sibling not his lover For today I am facing a cynicism which has been harboured for too long I'll introduce it to my skepticism tommorrow the next day I'll carry a mask on my face crying indifference I'm never again going to say I'm sorry My mind will never see visions of enslaved men in prison cells again and when the senators rove through the wards of insane asylums to watch the captive lunatics act out I will not cry My death is already here, and akin to theirs.



#### Maureen martindale

the wren that cries for freedom while coming to feed on your windowsill

the paraplegic dancer a thousand moves unsaid

the Oriental philosopher born in a Chicago slum the saint, as holy as a dying man

and yet they trust me they still trust me



Dave Patrick

Kim anne parker Of Milhouses, watergates and Other Dam things

I never saw a lying prez
I never hoped to see one
But if I could have guessed ahead
I should have known he'd be one

Flying

Alone over the country
Free from all earthly bonds
In control of my own destiny
Suspended in gods hands



A

Small

Sloop goes forth Easily cutting the water

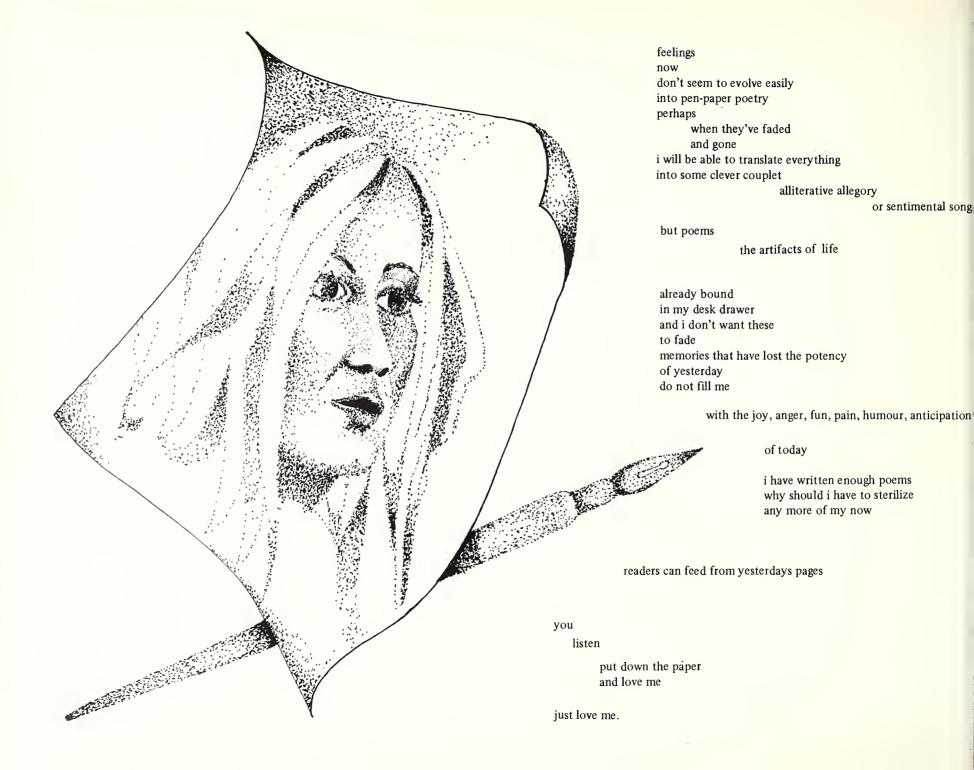
On a voyage that will take it to

New and unknown shores. But for now Captain,

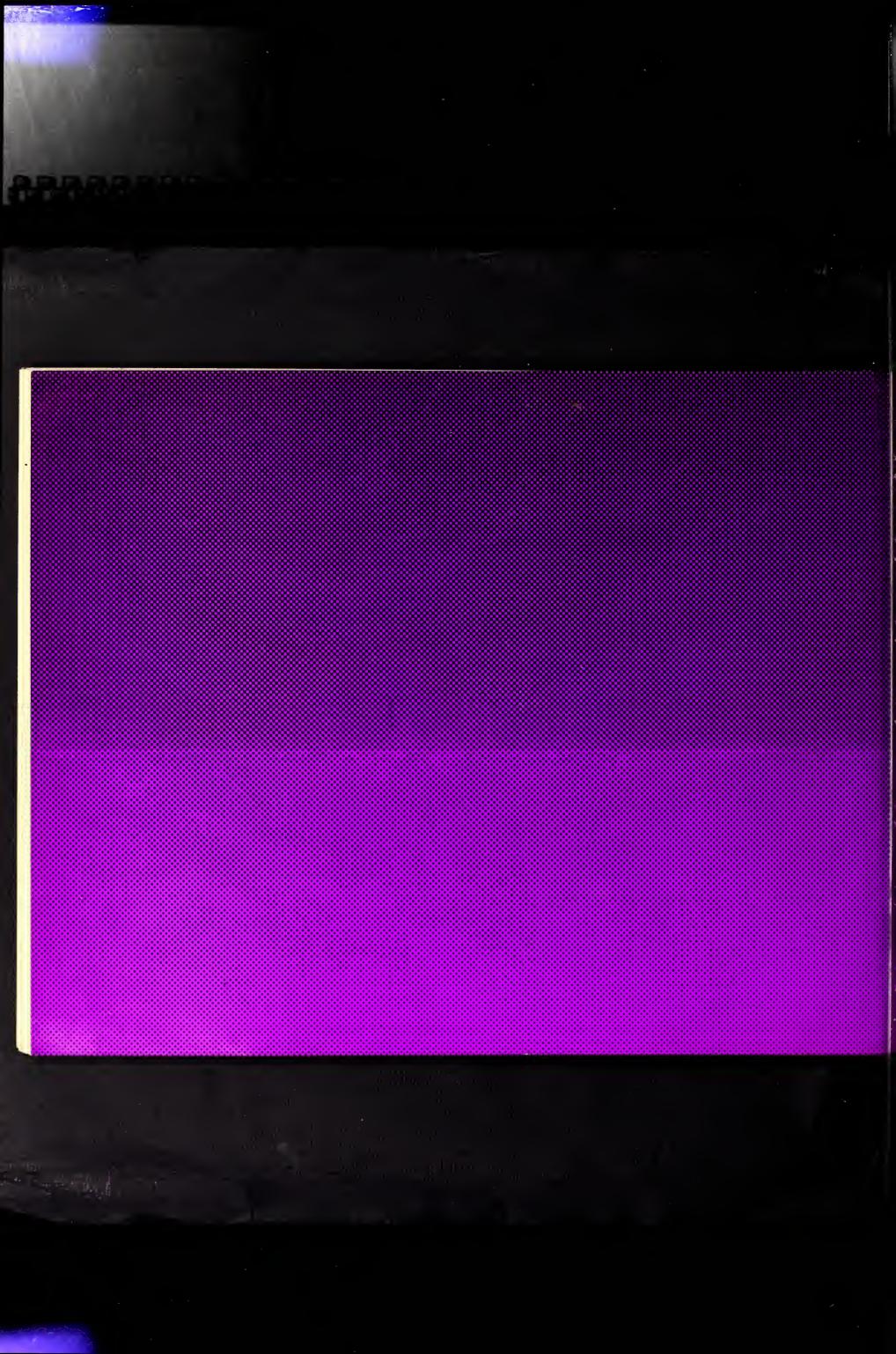
Log your position

And sleep, Orion will take the first watch while The lord's cool breath gently fills your sails.

At ease with nature The gull skims close to the sea Living with the breeze













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### FOR FEAR OF KNOWING

My heart pounds harder in my chest and tears still try to come.

Faint memories of hopes and passions that fought so to be complete.

Yet I cannot forget that of all those things I once went blindly after -- some I touched. If only long enough to say, I've been alive, I've dreamed -- I've tried with all my heart

To be more than just another space taken up -that fears to get old, fears to die, that
they not be as small as they are.

Can I blame it on age, on a dusty world --That fogs my very being. Can I say now is the time of reckoning and realization

Have I flooded my soul so with the pursuit of love that others have walked off laughing, have I flooded my being so with the desire to make a mark, to avoid mistakes, that I'm looked on as a fool?

This gloom that hangs over me is so like despair and loneliness -- am I losing, will I soon succumb to the lonely peace some find, when they hurt no more for fear of hurting, dream no more for fear of nightmares and know not themselves for fear of knowing.

Edwina Jaffee



MADNESS IS A WOMAN By Edwina Jaffe

Lingering there,
just close enough
that she hangs like the odor of musky perfume
in the air.

Madness,

with her thrusting hips and saltlike tears that plead, I need you.

Madness,

she is always close enough that -I can feel her breath, wet breath
upon the back of my neck

I can hear her foot steps,
porcupined, needle like footsteps.

Madness,

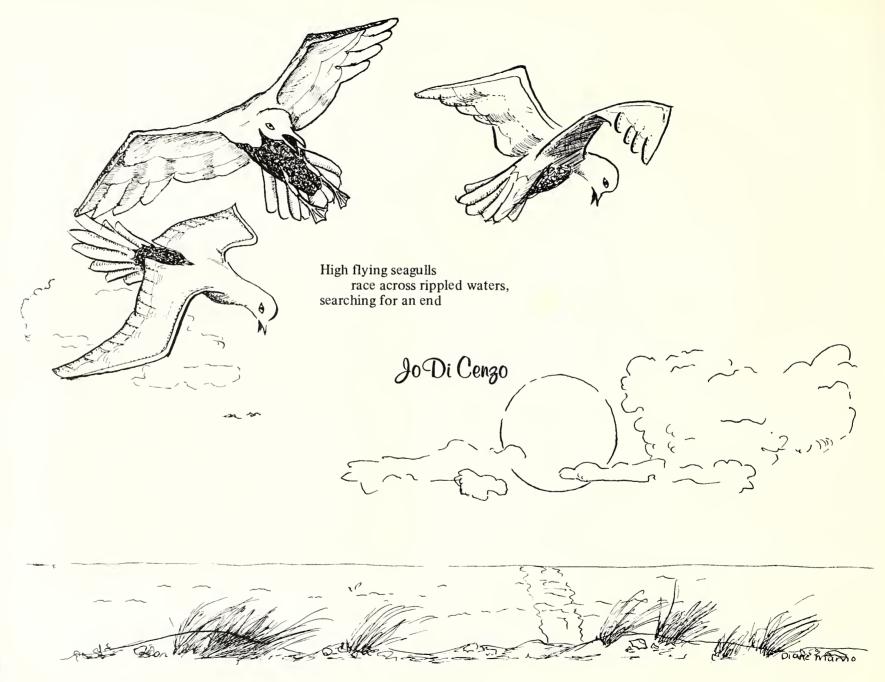
sometimes she is a shadow
a cool ocean shadow that did not reach
its full intensity.

But I fear not to put off the lady madness,
there is a need of madness
If we use it as some label -- for an act
or we lay our face upon her dear sweet bosom

and sink there.

Edwina Jaffee

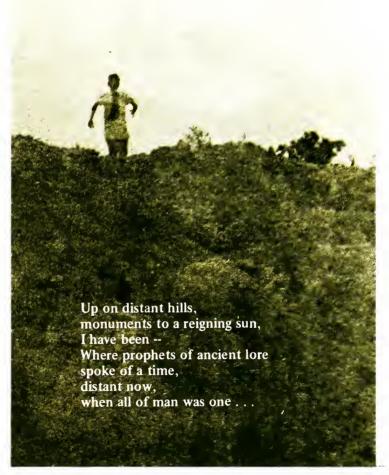
Sheree Greenberg



Through piney tree tops filter sun beams, warming the coolest mountain streams.

The Monarch's wing reflects powdery pastels of the painters palette.

AnnFlannigan



Sandra Ward



Progress?

banging, clanging

destroying, stripping

Progress

trees uprooting

boulder smashing

life ending

land flattening

Progress

one step ahead

yesterday's future

tomorrow's past

today's existence

Progress!



### Becky Ryals

### Childhood

An old friend came home today and mirrored the past for me I saw how much she'd matured then took a look at myself In the place of a child playing dolls was a full grown woman instead And it made me sad to see her my childhood playmate.



#### Mimi Mintzer

## Know Thyself

I've wondered for some time now
If ever reward would bestow itself
upon me
If love would seek me out from behind
thickened walls
That have been painted with hate by
my friends.
And would a beautiful smile place itself
on my face
As Utopic paradise forever surrounds

me

Life could be sweet and unique
But effortless plans have yet to see
completion
As I wait for these things to come
to me
I glanced into the mirror
And did not recognize my own reflection

Samuel L. Watson, In

### A WORLD IN REVERSE

As much as man has discovered Of deepest seas and outer space It's truly a puzzle to see a child given birth by a sterile mother On the same day that the sun and moon had coitus After which for nine months no sun did shine

Bodies drifting by tend to stall While empty minds won't let them fall People finding togetherness is demanding Though engaged by segregated understanding

For after we've waited so long The sun has miscarried the new day

A mother's new born child has died When reasons for birth were not yet realized Forward or backward oh which twirls the earth

Could night birth day if day was here first
Now fate has requested its payment in one lump sum
As it brings back yesterday and won't let tomorrow come

Samuel L. Watson, gn.

We stood at a common

focal point

Both alert and erect at the vertex

Yet your liquid mind drifted to the cubicles of reality . . .

distant

While I remained caituous and listened to your Rhythm counterpoint the minutes.

You could ingest the golden stalks of grass reaching

in unexpected hushes

and the oak leaves silently being rushed

by the impatient wind

and fluffy lanate clouds swirling afire

dwindling across the blueness

and whipporwills naively free

tethered to the horizon . . .

While I would concentrate on the

Wrinkled Now.

I hoped that bits of your onsight

would

d

r

o p

and focus my

black and white eyes

to the kalidescope of life's

fantastic realities but

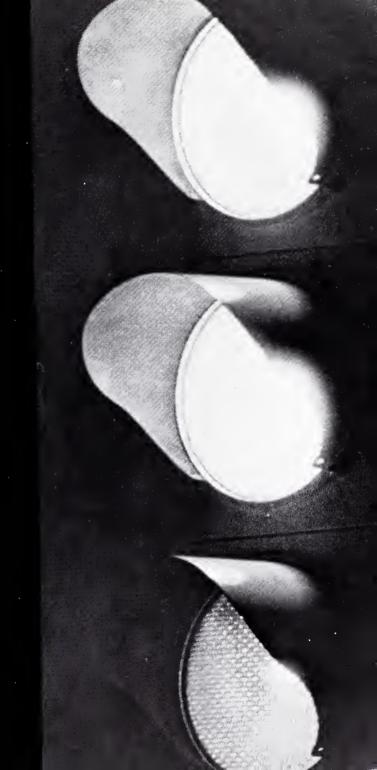
Joanne Potanovic

I was too numb.

STEEL-Gray Faces formlessvoids
somnabulistically
moving between
yellow parallels
red
amber
green

Blink progression
NO-WHERE
NOW-HERE
NOW-HERE
NO-WHERE
L
E
F
L
E
C
T
TARNISHED Metal.

Joanne Potanovic

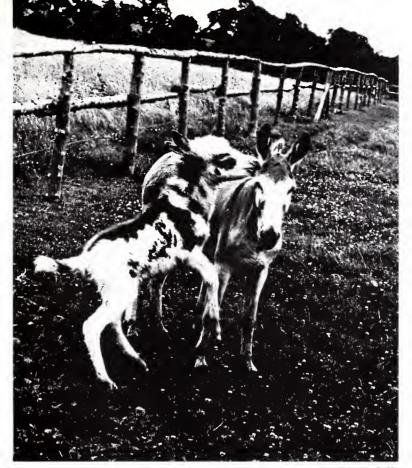






Mike Woodall





Edwina Jaffe



Mike Woodall



Kim McGlauthen

### Love Light Lingers

Tenderly the wind teased the pines A blue jay for his mask is cryin' Softly, the summer sun shines And a love light lingers in my mind

Pine cones early bloom Jaded grass, a flair with plumes The future holds no pending gloom Love has healed my latent wounds

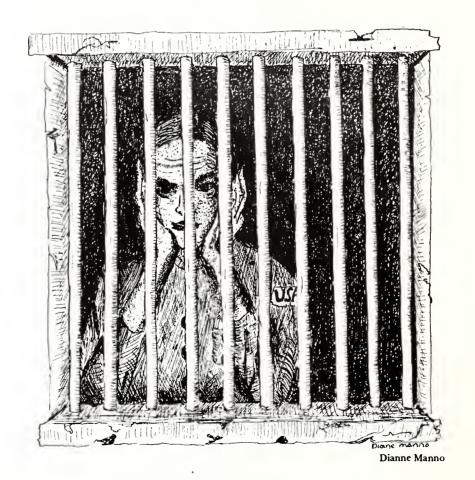
Sweet as honey are her silken lips When we're together my composure slips Mocking birds now sing chirp-chirp My heart has turned a trillion flips

Hot as fire my body burns My inner soul in a spin is churnin' The heavens release a cooling mist Chilling with a thrilling bliss

Now mocking birds sing a matin' call Summer's fading a proclaimin' fall Darkness covers the sun that shines And a love light lingers in my mind

Millard Wooten

Samuel L. Watson, In



**POW's LOVE LETTER** 

Miles away from the one I love I am becoming aware of things that confused me at home Things that I once avoided hav now become my main concern I have learned to enjoy without choice To be satisfied though I feel denied Here there are no comforts among us inspiration is missing too My only pleasure is thinking

of you

Suddenly the dark has begun to set in I feel my life is about to end For the guard's whip takes my thoughts of you away The chains around my legs and arms are tightening As I try to obey a command that I can't even understand Finally they let us sleep in a cage not fit for a beast And I rest easy in heat, rain or morning dew For these are the times I return to my thoughts of you

## The Watchman's Night

The battle over,
the day slowly melts into a night of savage delight . . .
The rape of women
the slaughter of minds,
pillars to the victor's glorypillars of night.
The watchman's night of wanting.

On the walls of the lifeless city

I stood and looked across the dead land,
barren, bloodstained and blotted
with the graves of animal and mangraves of night.

The watchman's night of waiting.

And in the silence there was wonder

of the pillage and the plunder ----

Embers glowing, the city aflame, brought the death of silence-The hollow laughter from fires bright the display of power the games of might, empty fears against the night, the watchman's night of longing.

Cries from the city,
The enemy was not dead,
They lived forever in my mind,
like the windcalling me to run,
for the wilting, withering, winter trees
bring out my fears and jealousies
in a night of haunted delightMy night of dying . . .

Doug Smith

Now dream, softly dream, for the pain and sorrow of reality has left its mark upon us,

A scar only to be erased with the passage of time.



# HENKE'S GROCERY & DELICATESSEN



# JULIUS AND THE GREAT MASS MURDER

If you have to work your way through college, don't get a job working for a relative. I tried it the summer of 1923 after I had finished my Freshman year at Kansas State. There were no scholarships available for promising sons of poor clergymen. There was a decided slump in industry and business, and I couldn't find a job anywhere. Urged on by necessity I dispatched a letter to uncle Thaddeus Davis in Tulas. Uncle Thad owned four grocery stores in Tulsa and environs. Each was operated by some member of the Davis family. Uncle Thad wrote me to come on ahead, that he would find a place for me in one of the stores, that I could save room rent by staying at his place, that Nellie was his favorite sister and he was glad to help her boy up the ladder of success by helping him get an education. He meant it too and it wasn't his fault that I didn't make it off the first rung that summer.

When I got to Tulsa, I found that I would be working in the store that was run by Julius C. Henke. Julius was uncle Thad's son-in-law so that he wasn't really a relative and I've always been thankful for that. On the day that Miranda Davis was sixteen years old, which happened to be Christmas day, she married Julius Henke. He was a country school teacher and was eighteen years older than she was. If she had been thirty instead of sixteen, she would have chosen someone other than Julius for a Christmas present. Julius was an energetic little man who was possessed with the idea of getting ahead in the world. He was so tight fisted with money that he even managed to save a considerable amount from his meager salary. When the time

came that he had a chance to become a businessman instead of a teacher, he eagerly seized the opportunity, using his savings to buy an interest in the store. Uncle Thad gave him a chance to put money gradually into the business so that in due time he could become the sole owner. Julius ran the store that serviced a new country club sub-division, Rose Glenn. This was before the days of electric refrigeration and air-conditioning. People ordered their meat and fruit and vegetables every day. Julius delivered his grocieries in a new Ford truck, "The Very Best in Food, The Very Best in Service". He ran a high class store. Everything had to be neat and clean and attractive. He was gracious to his customers and required that his clerks be courteous and pleasant. He was quite willing to have a college student as a clerk. Not everyone went to college in those days. It would add class to his store to say that his "nephew" who was in a State University was taking this chance to learn something about the actual running of a business during his vacation. He gave me quite a pep talk that Sunday at Uncle Thad's

So it was, that all innocent and unsuspecting, I made my way to Rose Glenn's leading grocery store early Monday morning. The store wasn't open so I went around to the back door, found a wooden crate and sat down to wait. Presently a tall lanky colored boy appeared.

"Hi." I said. "Do you work here?"

"Yas, suh. I does, suh. Does you want to see Mistah Henke?"

"I'm just waiting for the store to open. I'm

to have a job here."

"You mean you is goin to work for Mistah Henke?"

"Well, I really don't know him at all but I need a job and he said I could work here."

"Yes suh, you'll work alright, suh, You won't have any trouble at all as long as you keep a workin'."

"My name's Herbert. What's yours?"

"lust call me Dolf."

There was a low whistle and Dolf called out, "It's OK, Come on."

I was amazed to see another tall lanky boy. the very image of Dolf appear around the corner of the store.

"This is my twin brothah, Mistah Herbert. His name's Adolf Theodore. And my name is Rudolf Roosevelt but here at the store we is just called Dolf "

"Do you both work here?"

"Yas suh, but not at the same time. One of us works in the morning, then the other works in the afternoon and sometimes we changes around the other way. That way, us gets a chance to rest up some and we can earn us some spendin' money."

"Does Mr. Henke know about this arrangement?"

"No suh. Wouldn't do at all for Mr. Henke to know about that. He can think of enough work the way it is and not telling how much he'd have us working. Now, Teddy you be here at 12 sharp. It's goin' to be a hot day and I'll be plum tuckered out."

The afternoon Dolf shuffled off to find a nice shady place to rest just as a freckled faced, red haired youth joined us. Dolf looked up. Mistah Freddy this is Mistah Herbert. He's goin' to work for Mr. Henke."

"Welcome to the chain gang, Herbie, and above all things mind your manners of a prince or duke or such. 'Young man, you'll thank me in future years that I drilled good manners into you. It is an important business asset. You can never be a success unless you make a good impression and good manners are the key. In fact, this experience is so valuable that you should be paying me to learn all of this instead of me paying you'."

His imitation of Henke was so good that I had to laugh.

"It ain't funny brother," said Freddy. "Just vou wait. Why do you want to work here anyway?"

"From what I've been hearing, I don't think I do want to work here but I have to. I'm one of those poor boys working their way through college — I have to earn some money or I can't go back to school. I wouldn't have this job if it hadn't been for uncle Thad Davis."

Freddy whistled. "You mean Mr. Davis? You a relative of his? Now I see the light. Oh, you poor boy! Old Henke can list you as one of the family and you won't get to work 48 hours a week like the rest of us."

"How's that?"

"They just made a law that one can't work over 48 hours a week unless they are paid time and a half for overtime work. Boy, that sure killed old Henke — P-sst here he comes —"

"Good morning, good morning. I see you boys have met. That's fine. I want you all to be good friends. One-for-all, all-for-one. Dolf get that stuff out of the back room, then open up all those new cases of cans and get them out front. Freddy step lively and get this trash hauled away before it's time to start deliveries. Using your muscles makes you strong; nothing like this kind of work if you want to make the school team. Herbert, we'll start right in learning the

grocery business as soon as I get things going but right now give the boys a hand in stocking up the shelves."

That is the way it went all day. As fast as you finished one thing there was Henke with something else for you to do. I had to learn about the store's stock and its prices so that I could take phone orders when Alta was busy with other things. Alta was Julius' old-maid sister. She had been a school teacher but like Julius she had guit that and put her savings into the store. With Alta as his helper, Julius did not have to worry about his employes robbing him. She took phone orders, she kept accounts, she acted as cashier, she was invaluable. It was Alta who suggested the Delicatessen Department. She saw how many of the fresh fruits and vegetables were wasted. Only the best could be used to fill orders. So the idea was to use the good part of the faulty products to make salads and casserole dishes. Alta supervised preparation of the food and did much of it herself. Her products were good and this counter became a big success. The woman customers agreed that it was just too hot to cook when you could buy good food like this and not have to heat up the kitchen.

It was Henke's idea that I should work at the Deli counter. He effused, "Nice blond boy like you in a white coat looks clean. Can't have anyone handling food who isn't immaculate."

I didn't object. Henke had to have the coat laundered. I could not get by without wearing a shirt which saved me laundery bills. Also I could do surreptitious sampling of the items for sale so that I saved on my expenses for food. It took some contriving but I managed. Julius would introduce me to customers in flattering terms as if I were a famous chef doing him a favor. One day as I showed a customer a new salad, her kid grabbed a fist full. Henke say it. "Smart boy you got there. As a former educator I'm always interested in aggressive youngsters. Since he seems to like the salad. Herbert fix him a

package to take home." When they had gone Henke said, "Now that's the diplomatic way to handle the situation like that but if you let anymore brats get their fingers in the food I'll take it out of your pay. Understand?"

One miserable hot day, there wasn't a customer in the store. There wasn't a sound except the droning of the overhead electric fans. The phones weren't even ringing. The morning orders were done and the afternoon orders hadn't started vet. I was leaning on a counter when I began drawing the picture of a giant fly on a piece of wrapping paper. I copied it from a placard that was advertising a new insecticide called Fly-O-San. The pictures of flies and bugs on that placard facinated me. The had a particularly wicked look and I tried to make them look even more evil in my drawing. It is hard today to realize just what problem flies and insects were at that time. It was still the day of the horses and of outside facilities, and flies had many breeding places. There were no successful insecticides. People swatted flies or caught them in screened fly traps or used fly paper or fly poison, none of which seemed to diminish or deter the pests. Just as I finished a monstrous fly and was starting a huge mosquito, I felt Julius behind me breathing down my neck. I fairly held my breath, I knew I would get heck for not being busy at my work. All he said was, "Did you draw that?"

"Yes sir."

"Can you draw some more?"

"Yes sir."

"Can you draw even bigger ones?"

"Why sure -"

And that was all he said. I was puzzled. Old Julius must be sick or maybe it was the heat.

That evening at closing time as I was emptying the Delicatessen counter, Julius said, "I'll want you to stay awhile after the store closes." This request wasn't anything new. Practically every evening I had to stay and help Julius and Alta with going over accounts and all

sorts of odd jobs and I didn't get any extra pay. It was just as Freddy predicted. This evening Julius got out some of Alta's German Bean salad and Southern Ham Sandwich Spread and some crackers and put them on a counter.

"Pull up some stools and sit here a minute," he told Alta and me. "I've got an idea and we might as well eat a bit while we're talking."

I surveyed the German Bean salad with little enthusiasm. Quite a lot of it was left over today so I dug into it quite liberally. I certainly didn't want any more but Julius piled a hefty serving on a paper plate and I had to down it.

Julius began, "You know this new fly killer stuff we just got in, this Fly-O-San, is pretty good stuff. I doesn't stink like the other fly sprays and it doesn't stain. The ads say it doesn't but I tried it out anyway and it really doesn't stain. If we could get folks using it, we could make a killing ha-ha — that's a good pun maybe I can use it too. This afternoon Herbert gave me an idea that may do the trick. What I am going to do is build a cage about four feet square six or seven feet high one side will be covered with wire screen, the other three sides will be covered with heavy cardboard with white paper pasted on over it. On these three sides, I want Herbert to draw pictures of horrible giant flies and bugs. We will get Dolf and the colored porters to catch flies in traps paying them fifty cents for every trap full and we will empty them into the cages. All the time I will run ads in the paper about a big event to take place in Henke's grocery in Rose Glen and finally disclose that a Great Mass Murder is to be committed here on Saturday, July 10 at 10:00 a.m. Then we will kill that solid mass of flies; hundreds of thousands, millions of flies. All deader than doornails."

Julius was so excited about this new project that he didn't have me do the usual disagreeable chores but locked up the store and went off thinking about the great possibilities of this advertising stunt.

Next day, Julius bustled around getting the

cage built. Then he was ready for me to go to work. No sooner did I start drawing than people crowded around to watch me. Julius had the cage moved outside. That way more people could gather round and not obstruct the business of the store.

"Take your time with the drawing Herbert, don't hurry. Take a lot of time."

I was glad to oblige. It was a sight easier than any of the work I had been doing. I got into the spirit of things by acquiring a beret at a pawn shop down town — also a ukelele — I couldn't play the thing but every college "man" in the twenties had to have a ukelele. I wore the beret at a jaunty angle and went at the drawing with as much professional skill as I could muster. I used colored pencils and got some wierd results. As I worked, I made amusing remarks about how this bug looked like my uncle Oscar or that one reminded me of my aunt Minnie in Oscalosa. These remarks pleased the onlookers so Julius has me keep on with the comments only for Pete's sake don't give any local names to any of these bugs. After the walls were almost completely covered, I had to paste on some fresh paper here and there so I wouldn't be done before the date set for the Great Mass Murder on July 10.

In the meantime, the cage accumulated more and more flies. The two Dolfs got no time to loaf. The unemployed Dolf was busy making fly traps to set out at the city dumps and other places attractive to flies. He hired younger boys to watch the traps so no one could make off with them. This Dolf made more money on these flies than the one that was working in the store. They were both elated over this unexpected prosperity.

Julius was full of enthusiasm as this promotion of Fly-O-San moved on with every evidence of a successful conclusion. He applied for and received the rights to the sale of Fly-O-San for the whole state of Oklahoma.

"Why, Herbert, anyone knows just plain

hard work gets you nowhere. What you need to have is ideas. This is a great idea. what we are going to do is have you stay out of college next year and have you do this demonstration in every county in the state. Why, you could make enough in one year to pay for all the rest of your college expenses."

I had some misgivings about this idea. Knowing Julius as I did, I was sure that I would have the backbone of the work and he would have the heart of the profits.

Came Friday afternoon July the 9th. The cage was a solid mass of frenzied buzzing flies. It had just been moved into the store for the night. As I was helping put away the delicatessen products, I noticed there were guite a few flies around. In a short time, the number of flies seemed to increase. In fact, by this time, everyone in the store was aware that there was quite a large number of flies about. There was a hurried inspection of the cage. Sure enough there was a tiny opening at the top of the cage and one by one the frantic flies were escaping. Henke, like the boy at the dike stood there with the hand over the hole and yelled for someone to come help him. "Get a hammer. Get some nails."

Dolf finally located a hammer and with everyone telling him what to do, he managed to make the opening larger than it was before.

"That won't do, you dumb-head, you got to nail the lid down tight. We don't need any more flies in there so we don't need to open it again."

With Freddy holding the ladder and everyone giving advice Dolf mounted the ladder. No one will ever know how it happened. Dolf had the hammer raised to nail the lid down tight. Julius himself was helping hold the cage steady. I can't say for sure that Freddy tickled Dolf's leg, but all of a sudden, Dolf wavered and swayed and then fell head first on top of the cage. The card board lid gave way and there was Dolf upside down in the fly cage, his feet waving out of the top. He tried to yell but flies

choked his cries. The Exodus of the hundreds, thousands, and millions of flies was sudden. Soon the store was black with eager hungry flies

At first every one stood around in stunned silence, all eyes on Julius. All I can say is that Julius must have had a pretty good heart or he would have died then and there. He turned absolutely livid — a strange purplish-red color spread over his face and neck. His eyes bulged. He opened his mouth to speak but words wouldn't come. Then some flies took advantage of the opening. Sputtering, he shrieked, "Get the guns, you fools, get the guns."

Dolf quavered, "Don't shoot me, Mistah Henke, don't shoot me. I didn't do it on purpose. Honest." With that he went leaping through the store to the back door, followed closely by the other Dolf. And, do you know, that was the last we ever saw of either of them. Dolf didn't even come back to collect his last week's pay.

Julius finally got it through the clerks' heads that he wanted them to get the spray guns that he had laid in for the sale to the prospective customers and for every man to get to work using them.

"Close the store," he screamed. "Close the store." That was the only time that the store closed on time all the time I was there. In fact it was only 5:40 and closing time was 6 o'clock. By this time the cage was absolutely empty but the store was infested with one big cloud of flies. You never say anything like it. Every employee got busy with a spray gun. When the air was thick with the hazy mist of Fly-O-San, the store was locked tight, and the participants in this battle of the century had time to take stock.

"Everyone be here tomorrow morning at 5 o'clock. I will pay everyone who helps clean up this mess a bonus of five dollars." So saying, Julius departed.

When he was safely gone. Freddy began laughing. We all felt rather mean for laughing

but we had to laugh anyway. The more we thought about it, the funnier it seemed.

However, everyone showed up in the morning. This Fly-O-San must have been lethal stuff for the carnage was terrific. Of those hundreds, thousands, and millions of flies, every one had perished.

All had wondered how Julius would carry off this humiliating defeat. They had to give him not gruding but whole hearted admiration for the way he handled the situation. He had appeared very dapper and trim in a natty new suit. After he had made sure that all the flies were undeniably exterminated, he had called the Tulsa Tribune. Soon reporters sensing a good story had appeared and took pictures of the store and its smiling urband proprietor standing beside great heaps of very dead flies. Henke greeted all comers with a grand manner.

"We hadn't planned this demonstration to be held in just this fashion but it suffices to show the value of our wonderful new insecticide, Fly-O-San. We won't try to sell you groceries today but we do want you to buy a bottle of this amazing new product, Fly-O-San. You will find it a boon to mankind, as it can rid you of all insects and pests safely and surly."

It was remarkable the amount of Fly-O-San we sold on Saturday July 10th. Julius made enough profit to just about split even on the cost of painting and cleaning the store.

After Julius had saved face, it was strange the way he lost interest in promoting Fly-O-San. In fact, no mention was made of a state wide campaign to sell the stuff. Another strange thing was the way this episode affected old Henke. He was not his usual exuberant, dominating self. He did not push everyone to work to the limit of their endurance. He was quiet and acted almost like a normal human being. One day he cornered Freddy and me in the stock room. He spoke guardedly in a low voice.

"Boys, I want to ask you something. When that infernal cage fell over and they pulled Dolf out, I could swear that I saw Dolf twice and that two Dolfs went running out of the store. Did I or didn't I see that? Did you see it too?"

"No Mr. Henke, I didn't," said Freddy. I just shook my head and tried to look sad and grieved.

Julius walked away in defected silence doubtless believing that he might be losing his mind.

After this, I had a terrible struggle with my conscience. You can't have a preacher for a father and not have some of his teachings sink in. I though that the incident had improved Henke so much that it seemed a shame to tell him the truth.

## Doug Smith



### HIS NEXT VICTIMS

The night grows chill and damp The stars start filing out The moon above the horizon grows The bats start flying 'bout

The day's been dreary and overcast As it continues into the night Leaving behind its dark, thick clouds To hide the heavenly light

When the hour of midnight comes There'll grow a deathly hush Deeper darkness will envelope Every tree and bush

All the animals will listen
For what happens on full-mooned nights
The ghostly scream of terror
And the sudden winged flight

Then, when the sunlight breaks the wicked spell That night behind has left They'll see the victim in her bed His marks upon her neck

They'll set out to get him
Put a stake through his heart
For that's the only way to set him free
And let his soul depart

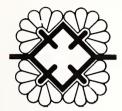


Gene Hyde Jr.

But they forgot to bring a lantern And the dusk was closing in So the vampire had more victims To make him young again.

Becky Ryals

## LOST



By BECKY RYALS



The front door of the immaculate little stone house slammed closed with an explosive bang and a young woman about 19 years old stormed out. Her abdomen had a puffy roundness to it and she walked like a typical pregnant woman of about seven months. Her face was stained with tears and as she walked and ran to the family station wagon, her eyes showed anger and sorrow. Her auburn hair was mussed and her mouth was a little twisted. How could he criticize her for her soufle she'd worked on all day! she thought, tremulously.

Suddenly the front door of the house opened again and her husband yelled as he threw some keys at her, "Here, you forgot these."

She glared at him and stooped down to pick them up; as she got lower to the ground she fell and sat upon her haunches. Her husband rushed out to help but she struggled to her feet and limped to the car. As she sped away, he stood looking after the car with worried eyes and wondered what the coming night would bring.

Janet drove to Brown's Department store downtown and parked the car. As the sound of the bang of the slammed door dissipated, Janet felt a bit dizzy and leaned against the car for support. In a few seconds the spell had passed and she waddled into the store.

She first went into the baby department and started looking at the cribs and stuffed animals. She put her hand on her abdomen and smiled at the movement she felt. Her face now was dry of tears and she looked pretty and peaceful. Suddenly she staggered and grabbed at the shelf in front of her. The dizziness had returned, this time worse than ever.

"May I help you?" a pleasant male voice asked, holding her arm. He looked nice and kind and she tried to smile. She couldn't see him too clearly but she felt his warmth, which she sorely needed. She felt cold, lonely, and depressed and was worried about what would happen to the baby during one of these attacks.

"Yes. Please lead me to the ladies room," she said, and tried to smile again, to overcome her anxieties.

"Well, the store will be closing in about five minutes. Maybe if you'll wash your face you'll feel better. But don't forget to hurry," the nice man said.

"OK. Thank you very much," Janet replied as he led her to the doorway of the ladies room.

She stumbled into the room and everything was swimming around in circles. She felt her way to the lavatory and turned the knob at the top of the sink. She stuck her hands under the stream of water but immediately jerked them back. The steam rose from the hot water, so she turned the knob next





to that one on and the hot water off. The water became cool, then cold. She splashed her face and felt the water trickle down her neck. The baby stirred again, this time she felt it was an uneasy movement. For a moment the water felt good but soon afterwards she felt worse and sat down on the low running bench against the wall, to regain her senses.

Suddenly she awoke and found herself lying on the cold, tile floor. Her head throbbed, probably from hitting it on the floor when she fell from the bench. The lights were all out so she ran her hand along the cold, stone wall to find out where she was. When she'd fallen off of the bench her glasses had fallen off and broke on the hard tiles. Now when she felt for them on the floor, she found the frames, but when she put them on there was no change; all shapes were blurred. She placed the broken glasses gingerly on the bench.

Panic seized her and she called out, "Jeramy, where are you? Please help me!"

She didn't receive an answer so slowly she struggled to her feet. As she ran her hand along the wall, trying to find the door, she felt the small empty spaces between the cold, hard tiles, Suddenly something cold like a roach, ran across her hand. She jerked her hand away and gave a little screech. Finally she reached the door and vanked it open with a small smile on her lips, fully expecting the store to be full of people and the lights to engulf her. All that greeted her, however. was quiet and darkness. Her smiled faded and she slowly walked out into the room. Then she recalled the nice young man who'd helped her. 'We're closing in five minutes, so hurry.'

"Dear God! Please help me!" she cried out aloud and was then frightened by the echo of her own voice. As she looked around everything was a blur. She remembered that she was on the third floor of the store as she looked out at the flashing and colored lights of the small city. She started walking, almost hypnotically, toward one cluster of lights but tripped over a box that was sitting in the aisle, before she met with her certain death by falling through one of the windows surrounding the floor. She caught hold of a show case

and steadied herself. Then she sat down on the box and looked around her at the blurred. frightening shadows. Her eyes filled with tears which made her sight worse so she quickly dried her eyes on her smock type shirt. The baby kicked her and she jumped at the suddenness, then smiled and touched her rounding abdomen with affection. Suddenly there was a skittering movement behind her. She turned her head in the direction of the sound. A small brown rodent ran across the aisle in front of her and her screech echoed throughout the entire floor. A shadow suddenly appeared on the floor. She looked up to her side where a mannequin was standing on display. Her imagination ran wild and with her blurred vision she thought she saw the mannequin move toward her maliciously. She jumped up and ran screaming down the aisle.

She stopped just in front of a large mirror. When she looked up she saw a huge shadow in the mirror. But because she was nearsighted she couldn't distinguish a shape. There was a loud noise like something fell, in the other end of the floor which

caused her to jump. She screamed and ran back down the aisle where she'd come from. She went on past the threatening mannequin and further into the dark jungle of leering shadows and shapeless villians. The blur of shapes around her frightened her and her imagination was running rampant. The mannequins all loomed out frighteningly in her path and shadows fell across the aisle in front of her as she laborously ran past. She knew that if she could reach the escalator she could go down to the first floor and get out of this horror house. She stumbled several times and nearly fell flat on her face once. This additional terror of falling on and harming the unborn child added to her frustrations and fears causing her more mental anguish. She felt the baby stir uneasily inside of her so she slowed down to a fast walk. She remembered about where the escalator was located, after having grown up in this town and spent many happy hours in this store. and tried to head in that direction

It seemed that no matter what way she turned, a mannequin was standing there ready to strike her down. Sounds were becoming





louder and more frightening, if only in her mind's ear. The simple ticking of the clock was something dreadfully horrible. Mice skittered across lit sections of the aisle and made tiny squeaking noises which became amplified in the guiet, stillness of the empty store. Janet became exhausted from running blindly and sat down every few seconds on boxes that were placed along the side of the aisle. The shadows loomed like monsters at her and her screams broke the silence like an ax, causing her more fright.

Now, I've got to take hold of myself. I'll go crazy! Maybe if I find a telephone I can call out and get help, she thought in a last desperate attempt to keep her sanity.

With great determination she felt her way off of the main aisle and into the men's clothing department. She went slowly and cautiously, stopping occasionally to listen attentively. When her peace of mind was satisfied that no evil was lurking in the shadows, she slowly progressed deeper into the darkness. The blurred shapes around her loomed larger in the darkness than they had in the half-

light. The mannequins seemed more dangerous and larger, each one having a different blurred shape of menace. Her determindness kept her going: no matter what her imagination saw. The clothes seemed to take on life and grabbed at her trying to hold and kill her for intruding on their privacy. Finally, she reached the back wall and ran her hand along it looking for the telephone. She noticed that the wall was warm. not stone like the rest of the room. She took strength from the warmth, since it was the first she'd felt since earlier that evening. She suddently thought of her husband.

"Oh Jeramy! Please help me," she called out.

She knew that he'd be worried about her and this pushed her to search for the phone. Suddenly her hand hit upon a cold object anchored to the wall. She squinted hard but couldn't see the object. She felt for the receiver and found it, then she picked it up and placed it to her ear. She heard the monotonous hum of the dial tone and she relaxed all over. She felt for the dial and noticed that it was the push button style. She fingered the buttons trying to find the

operator. As she pressed each button, a tone replied in tuned melody. Finally she found the operator's number. The dial tone changed to a softly ringing sound. Suddenly there was no longer any sound coming through the receiver and she broke out in a cold sweat. She pressed all of the buttons again but this time received not a tune, but silence. She screamed into the receiver.

"Help! Hello? Hello?" But there was no answer so she slid down the wall to the floor and sat sobing with the receiver dangling on its cord beside her, dead. Faintly she heard a siren. She stopped sobbing and listened attentively for the siren to stop at this building and get her out of this horror house in which she was trapped. The siren continued on by and faded in the distance leaving Janet behind in the lonely darkness to fend for herself, if for nothing else but her sanity.

She arose and walked determinedly down an aisle and out to the main aisle. This time the shadows and noises didn't frighten her. She looked straight ahead, although she only saw blurred shapes, and walked with a brisk

step down the aisle. Her eyes were now dried though her cheeks were stained. She passed the mannequins that had, just minutes earlier frightened her so much; she passed the mirror, which showed a young girl with long tangled auburn hair, and slight roundness to her abdomen. She softly, gently patted her child-to-be and smiled with affection. Suddenly the shattering of a glass window broke the silent stillness of the black night.

As Janet fell through the black, friendless night, her screams penetrated every ear but no one heard or cared — only the mannequins and mice understood that she had finally escaped the "horror house."



Mrs. Jones

Mrs. Jones . . . do you still churn your own butter and wear homemade dresses made from printed flour bags?

Does a big black pot of boiling peach preserves still send out sweet blossoms of fruit smells from your old wood stove?

Does Bernita still play the piano? I remember "Jesus Loves Me", and all those old church songs. I guess she's older and married, I guess those days are gone.

Days when mama would put her sunbonnet on and we'd start off down the road, sticker burrs and summer winds your barking dogs to greet us.

You always seemed so glad to see us . . . so glad that we had come

Is there a basket of biscuits on your table today? Is your kitchen still the same?

Mrs. Jones, is there still a bowl or basin, I might wash my hands in. Could I go out to the well and dip the pail low bring a bucket of fresh water in.

Oh, I suppose you've running water and the old well's all boarded up.

It wouldn't be that the same spotted moocows are mooing from the barn

Or the same clucking hens, hunting and pecking around

How about the old dog that i'd try to coax out, laying there in his fresh dug hole.

Mrs. Jones, I got your Christmas card today, I was just feeling lonely for the country and the country way.

There's not a house on my street where starched printed curtains blow through open unscreened windows welcoming me . . . to come on in.

I was just feeling lonely and wondered . . .

if I came by today, a thousand miles and twenty back -- could it possibly be like then -to hear your foot steps cross a creakin' wooden floor to hear you say again,

"Why just come on in."

Edwina Jaffee





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Sandra Ward







John V. Caspanello



John V. Caspanello





John V. Caspanello



John V. Caspanello





Dave Patrick



John V. Caspanello

### FREE?

Is the mighty eagle free?
As he soars above his sovereignity,
And outraces the wind
And all the while, keeping a keen watch on his dominion.
With majestic wings spread across his kingdom
And his endowed power, he is king over all that flies.

Is the stout lion free?
As he strides with such a noble gait,
As the breeze blows through his flowing mane.
With such authority this unconquerable beast rends the air.
With a ferocious roar which echo's throughout his kingdom.
Letting everyone know, he is the ruler of the jungle.

Is the massive whale free?
As he cruises the high seas so gracefully,
The nobility he shows as he navigates throughout his region
Would make Neptune envious.
His huemongeous size makes him sovereign of the sea.

### Is man free?

As he attempts to rise above the social whirl of society,
Only to be yanked back from his flight of imagination.
The wind blows his flimsy hair, as he stumbles along
Against the grain of the rush hour traffic in his asphalt jungle.
Only to be propelled along with the tidal wave of people
Needlessly attempting to surface and navigate, against the tide.

Ron Renna

### **MEMORY**

I heard her soft laughter, It was as soft as a Country morning breeze on a calm afternoon. The same laughter we share so often.

She stood before me as I remembered her With the beauty and grace of a Roman goddess

And like the sun rising slowly on a late summer morning, her radiant smile warmed and eased by lonely mind.

Her gentle face looked down on me with compassion. And I felt whole again. I reached out to touch her . . . Then I awoke, She was gone, and I was alone once more.

Lanny Kohlman

### Night Bird Singing

Moon light beaming
A falling star seeming
A bird flying swiftlyn' low

The grass is tingling
A night bird singing
Love's rage mingling more n' more

The clouds are whiten
By the lighten that shining
Dimly in the park

Lover's are dreaming Try to find meaning Of how to build life upon the rock

Dogs are barking
As though they are mocking
Some beast that embeded in stock

A night bird singing Silent then ringing Four wives had the ole red cock.

### Round about fling

On a morning when the birds sing The grass and dew drop, tightly cling Stretch strain and pendulum swing Old man time made a round about fling

Horseless carriages jet planes fly Babies cryin' and old folk are dyin' Beyond rath and tears Horror no longer looms Pervasously past heal the future wounds

Morning star twilight's the dark A storm is ending A golden lark Dogs are barking a useless bark Shouting Hallelujah Elijah rock-rock

### A Sparrow Lay

Mix myrrh and aloes Weeping woe, weeping woe Greater wind blow, blow, blow Alpha and omega's bow

Cloud's whiten, liken snow Shadowing a sunlight glow. Raging rivers always flow Whence did that arrow go?

Over the hill and by the way River banks slippery clay An arrow passed during the day. Near the roadside a sparrow lay.

### **B**oston

Boston screams in convulsions of pain "Niggar get out of my school,
You know you don't belong here."
Its red face begins to drool.

The Ku Klux Klan is in your veins And the vicious Nazis too All can remember what you did in the south And in Germany, what you did to the Jews.

American children run from you in fright But some are forced to remain To have their minds so twisted That they'll hate without restrain.

You'll beat a man to death And You'll kill a helpless child Your streets will fill with blood As your people they'll turn wild

Once the home of the free Called you sons of the revolution Now we look upon your justice And cry, "What is the solution?"

Are you that much better That you can judge one by his skin? Is it true, you love Jesus too And yet will commit such a sin?

Your morals are in hell
And your head is filled with hate
The Devil once worked alone
But now I think he's found a mate.

One day you'll destroy yourself And only the tortured will remain To show the world that in your place They would not treat you the same.



Dave Patr

David Westcott



Dave Patrick



### A Midnight's Walk

A day and a day
A grain of sand is washed away
The wind blows on and on
A leaf is here and then it's gone
A river will flow till the end of time
A church stands to sound its chime
The bird sits whistleing an old song
We hear it a second, but not for long
The sun shines an endless crystal ray
The moon approaches the break of day.
My love, an ornament of the past
Somehow I knew it wouldn't last.

David Westcott

ZAAP! Bligh's space gun fired with amazing power, disintegrating everything in sight. Protection of the universe had just been recently guaranteed by the U.S. government.

Space cadets unite! Together we will zingle the invaders. Cromo Domo!

Five! Four! Three! Two! Buckle my shoe. Five, six, pick up sticks. Seven, eight, close the gate. Blast off!

Flying faster than any vulture ever imagined, they crashed through the sound barrier without paying the toll, until they reached the red planet.

You know what captain?

What Johnny?

I think we're in the wrong place.

The computer received the correct coordinates. The machine is incapable of error.

Yes, but we're surrounded.

BAZARP!

When all over the valleys the water usually flows, the result being an unknown element. Perhaps one day when all is fine, the people will be able to see a little better. I guess many things have been said many time, but not really over and over. Can something really be repeated? I smell beer, but I know there is none. How can I?

They say the Shadow knows. Mine doesn't. I punched it, I beat it, and even poured garbage on it, but still got no answer. Up in the air, around the sky of course, I thought I once saw something. PingPong balls What else could I have expected.

With the toes so yellow I blossom only in the spring. What comes next my love? Marriage. Marriage. And more marriage. I'd like to say I'm too young to die, but I guess I know better. I guess about a lot of things.

### MUSHROOMS

What the hell are you doing?

You're strange, you know that.

You're right. Sometimes I feel I don't know myself. I'll be sugar and spice one day, then I'll be rotten to the core, cliches and all. I also have these headaches everytime I kiss my thumb.

You're lucky my friend. I know the cure.
For what?
Yourself. So you can become a decent thing.
But I like myself the way'I am.
But nobody else does.
The mushroom likes me.

Now listen, if your only friend is a mushroom . . . can't you see?

Well if people will really like me

Well if people will really like me better.

And your boring. Say interesting things, sexy things, whatever comes to mind.

I eat purple oranges?

Ooh! I got a tingle. That means we're engaged. Kiss me you fool Not on your life.

Dad! Come out here!

He gave me a tingle and refused to marry me. What are you kid? Some kind of a bigot. I can't marry another boy. Why? You already married to one.

Joel Rosenfeld

# As Mike Sat Eating Pizza

As Mike sat eating pizza
His family gathered round.
He'd got it from his freezer,
And bade them, "Please sit down."

His brother said, "Mike, You'll turn into a pizza one day," And though Mike smelled of pike, He didn't know quite what to say.

He stuffed his mouth and slurped, And with a mouthful spoke. He'd only meant to burp, But instead he told a joke.

Though he thought it funny, He laughed and ate at once. His nose became quite runny, But he continued to munch.

Candi La Vigne

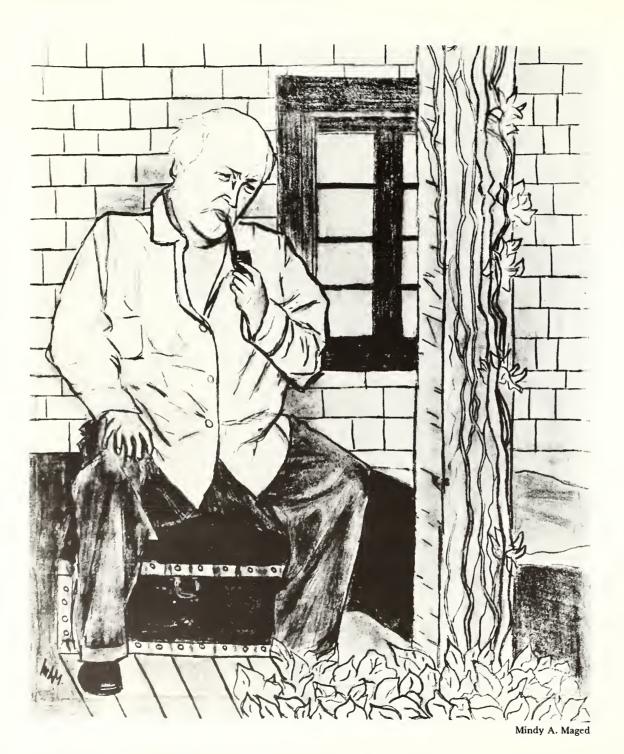
When Garrick Utley beckoned, the family left the table, Except Mike, who had seconds, And almost ate Aunt Mable.

He ate till nothing was left, and then became quite able, To become a meal and chef, And crawled up on the table.

He felt himself becoming Like a pizza pie. He thought it all quite stunning With pepperoni for an eye.

When the news was over the family had returned. They looked for Mike all over, But their thoughts quickly turned.

To pizza covered all with cheese, And peppers on the top. At least they had the decency To eat while he was hot.



### THE OLD MAN IN THE WINDOW

He listens to the radio, It talks to him. And to the chair, And to the walls, And to the ceiling and floor.

He waits; For the phone to ring, For the mail to come, For someone to stop, to say, "How are you?"

He takes his check
To the corner bank.
The tellers look
The other way.
They're too busy,
To say
"Hello."

Each day he buys his groceries.
A can of juice,
A portion of meat,
A vegetable.

He lives today as yesterday.
Waiting,
For a smile,
From some one,
Out side,
His window.

## David K. Fries



David K. Fries

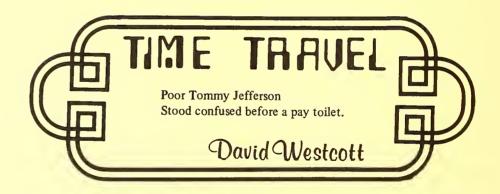
### I UNEARTHED

I unearthed a fowel plot today I dug up my Mother's grave! To find she hadn't shaved her legs She always was that way. Just wrote another post could to say I'm having fun ??

But what I really ful like doin! Missing is reaching for a sun.

Carol Oves

BANG



Professor Jacques Somnivar had just finished watering his azalea and rose bushes. He sat down on the huge stone that stood like a sentry in one corner of the greenhouse. A wrinkled smile appeared on his face as he gazed at his plants with a sense of supreme gratification. He pulled off the rimless glasses that concealed his small but penetrating eyes. A thorn-ridden hand felt no pain as it ran smoothly across the sweaty, lined forehead.

The enclosed greenhouse extended onto the lawn from the main home and was located in a spot where a porch should have been. Its shape was semi-elliptical. A sweet aroma invisibly swirled around the room and seemed to blend in with the amazing array of different colored plants. The orchid plant stood sequestered in one corner. It was special.

For beauty, only nature could have surpassed this floral arrangement. Three generations of dedicated family, Somnivar men, had, with special care, created almost a replica in miniature of Versailles garden.

The home was no less spectacular than the greenhouse, but suffered from more neglect. The walls of the living room were papered in a French, velvet-textured material, smooth to the touch. A magnificent oak table with twin chairs on either side stood against one wall. This handsome, hand-carved antique had served as the professor's desk in the days when much of his time had been spent correcting papers. The rest of this wall was covered with an eight-tiered shelf that reached to the ceiling. Dusty books on botany, of all shapes and sizes were cramped together on it. One hard-covered edition, Talk to Your Plants, lay on the floor between the desk and shelves, just as it had accidentally fallen four months earlier when the professor had taken it out to lend to a student who never came.

His precious orchid plant was dying . . Was it possible to restore the delightful buds that would metaphorphosize to the sweetest and most beautiful of all flowers —

# ORCHID

By

STEVE DANGIZER

"Dad, I've got to go," Sady cried, furiously donning her coat as she dashed down the stairs that led from her bedroom.

"GO?" the professor asked, shaking his head as if awakening from a trance.

"Yes. Buzzy's gonna pick me up in a sec'." "Buzzy? What happened to Fred?"

"Dad! Fred and I haven't gone together for two months."

"Ah, yes. You are right."

"I'm gonna bring Buzz home tonight."

"You'll do no such thing."

"Why not? I'm sure he won't hurt the plants."

"That's not the point."

"Dear professor of botony! That is always the point."

"Nonsense."

"Stop with the shit, Dad, Y'know it's true. You never let me bring home any of my friends and. . . "

"Watch your tongue!"

"NO! Why donchu watch yours. It'll be a great change from watchin' the damned plants."

"What is tonight, Sady?"

"Thursday, all day. Why?"

"Don't you have art class tonight?"

"Big deal! So I miss a class."

"But what about more of those lovely paintings, like those you did over the summer? Ah, yes. I remember one in particular. Four purple orchids assembled in a green drinking glass. Ah. . . now that was a . . . "

"Piece of sh. . . ugar."

"It was a delight to my eye. I will never forget when I purchased my own prize orchid plant from Mr. Dimms at the show. A beauty. Six fabulous purple flowers and they all seemed to smile at me. A pity, now there is only one. But you know Anna. . . "

"I'm Sady. 'Member, mother's dead. 13

Honestly, you're helpless. Hearing almost gone. Can't smell. Can barely see. Why you're just an old. . . "

"I read the other day, or was it yesterday, in a magazine. Was it Readers Digest? No, Better Homes and 'Garden. Or was it? I don't remember. But anyway. They've come out with a new "miracle" orchid food. Yes, I must buy it: don't you agree? Dimm's plant shop ought to have. . . "

"An old fool. A pitiful old fool," Sady said as she slammed the front door behind her."

"Sady, Sady! Ah. . . hopefully, someday she will come to understand and appreciate plants for what they are. Things of beauty. God's creation preceding man. They give us oxygen; they breathe new life into each human being. . . Ah. . . "

The old man rose slowly and began to pace around the living room. He muttered incessantly to himself, but much of what he said was inaudible.

He stopped abruptly in front of a still-life Sady had painted. A tired thumb caressed the rough edges of the frame. Tears were beginning to come. The professor opened his eyes wide and blinked several times. Once again he turned toward his indoor garden and that same elated smile appeared on his face. After building up the fire with several additional decrepit logs, the old man meandered into the kitchen.

His supper was modest, in fact almost sparing: Two fried eggs on a single slice of dietrite bread. A dash of salt and pepper. Black coffee. Before he sat down to this minute feast the professor took his watering can from a hook that was anchored to the wall over the sink. He filled it with clear tap water that he sprinkled carefully and completely over a magnificient Zebra plant that pulled its majesty from the sun penetrating warmly through the kitchen win-

dow.

As he slowly chewed the last mouthful of his dinner, the phone began ringing. It was not until the sixth ring, however, that the old man finally responded. The phone was in the living room, but he was in no hurry to answer it.

"Hello... Rosanne, is that you?... Oh, it's so good to hear your voice... Fine and yourself... Oh, she's fine... No, she's going with someone new... What?... Bar or Bax, or some such name... What?... Oh, that's wonderful... When are you coming?... When are your finals done?... Oh, my. Come immediately then... What? Say, that again... Well, come when you will... You have a surprise for me. How nice... Did it yourself, what is it?... Didn't hear you... What?... Oh, you can't tell me. Well, I have something to tell you. About the orchid plant I bought from Mr. Dimms a couple of months ago... What?... Yes, you're quite right. It is long distance. It can wait then, goodbye."

The professor placed the receiver down as if it were plant food being smoothed into soft earth.

"Imagine that. Rosanne coming home." In the kitchen, Professor Somnivar found some old orchid food under the sink. He pondered over it for several minutes, turning it from front to back repeatedly as if to absorb and reabsorb the pictures and instructions. He knew his precious orchid plant was dying. How, in two months, could a thing of such immeasurable beauty wither into ugliness? Wasn't there any chance of reviving it? Couldn't he get the new plant food; and wouldn't it offer relief to the browning leaves? Was it possible to restore the delightful buds that would metamorphosize to the sweetest and most beautiful of all flowers — the orchid?

"Blast!" he cried out. "I must call Dimm's tomorrow and order the 'new' orchid food!"

He meandered back out to the greenhouse with the *old* plant food and approached his orchid. Two petit petals were all that remained of the plant that had once claimed so many. A single tear dropped from the professor's stronger eye as he scattered several handfuls from the box in select spots. The living room door was suddenly thrust open and a gust of wind followed.

"Dad, I'm home."

"Already? Why? It's only eight P.M.," her father said, pulling a gold-watch attached to a chain, from his pants' pocket.

"Well, I told ya I was gonna bring Buzz back. Dad meet Buzz. Isn't he cute?"

A tall, rather garish-looking young man towered over Sady. The two decisive arms that enveloped her waist were covered to the wrist by a striped shirt. He smiled slightly at the old man. The professor's gaze, however, was diverted by the wild colors of the shirt. He made no comment.

"We're going up to my room," Sady said as she blinked her round, dark eyes several times. "We have...uh... things to do for art class."

"I see," said her father. "But you know how I object to. . . "

". . . noise. we won't make any. Doncha worry dad."

Sady grabbed Buz by the hand and practically dragged him upstairs. They both laughed as they went. Silence was restored only when Sady slammed the bedroom door.

The professor took a seat in his favorite armchair next to the fireplace. He leaned back, and the chair began to creak as he rocked. He drew a pipe from his silk jacket and lit it. The ascent of the smoke rings he blew totally engrossed him. But it was not long before this peace was broken by the discord of vociferous screaming upstairs. The old man shook off his

trance and was soon on his way. The breaking of glass, then laughing, giggling, and parts of words were all that greeted him before he opened the door.

Sady lay on the bed with one breast exposed. One of her arms stretched over the side of the bed, and held in its hand a bottle of Bacardi rum. The fact that Buzz quickly threw a blanket over Sady did not interest the old man. He was far more abashed by the painting in the corner of the room. It was similar to the one Sady had labored over for two months during the summer. Purple orchids in a glass — all in brilliant colors and full bloom. Some one had filled in with grey the spots where the flowers had been. An uninvited painter had altered the colors of the leaves from deep olive to brown, with the ends being made to appear as if curled under.

"Wossa madda, dada. Never seen the befurrrr... Issa present from someone spezial, 0000..."

The old man turned away in disgust. Sady slurred her words as she called her father back.

"Never seeeeen theeees befo'," she said, throwing off the blanket and flexing her exposed breast.

"Are you crazy, Sady?" Buzz asked in disbelief.

''Noeeee. I'm Sady, Sady. Ahahahahahahahahahah..."

As the partly naked girl rolled over, Buzz was fast to replace the blanket.

The professor closed the door to shut out the horror. He could stand no more. The shock had been complete. Times had changed and had left him behind. But he still had his plants. In spite of that wretched painting he still had his orchid.

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Dimm's Florists and Specialty Nursery sent

around a delivery boy early the next morning. Professor Somnivar examined the contents of the *liquid* orchid food with as much scrutiny as his fifty-sixtyvision would allow. He popped the cork and grimaced, feigning to smell the bottle. A huge smile appeared on his wrinkled face. The professor dropped two silver quarters into the delivery boy's hand. Then two more. He thanked him twice.

Sady was already seated at the breakfast table when her father approached with the "miracle" bottle."

"A gift from God," he said, nodding.

"What is it? Liquid sh. . . ugar for the orchid plant."

"Yes, Sady, it is."

"Oh, Daddy. Will ya please forgive me for last night. I didn't know what I was doing."

"Forgiven, child. Now drop it. But do tell me, where did that horrible painting come from?"

"Oh, the dead orchids? Why, that was sent by. . . "

"But to spoil such a perfectly good painting."

"Huh? Whatdoya mean?"

"Why you worked half the summer. . . "

"Oh, Dad. I still have that one."

"Where is it? I'm curious."

"Why it's — I'm not sure. Maybe I gave it to Fred."

"Strange you should give away something so dear to me," the professor said as he spilled the clear liquid from the bottle into his watering can.

"Well, Fred was a friend."

"A friend or a. . . "

". . . Say Dad, why don't you let me water the plant today. It's the least I can do after last night."

"Why, Sady, I thought you despised

flowers. Besides, you know I prefer to. . . "

"Just this once," Sady pouted.

"You wish to make a vicarious sacrifice? Well — all right. But please, make me a promise."

"Yup, what?"

"Don't bring home any more of your friends."

"Oh shit! What in the hell is the. . . "

"Is it always necessary for you to curse?" "Jesus," Sady whispered very softly, turning

"Jesus," Sady whispered very softly, turning her head toward the window. Her father just ignored what he couldn't hear anyway.

"Sady, did I tell you the great news? Rosanne's coming home?"

"Terif'. When?"

"Tomorrow."

"You know, she. . . "

"I am so glad."

"Me too. She loves pla. . . this house. She's always such a great help. And now Buzz and I can. . . "

The professor stood stirring the "magic" orchid food with his left index finger. He made slight currents in the liquid that he smoothed with his palm. He seemed transfixed. A witch doctor making a life or death potion for a dying warrior.

"Dad. DAD," Sady howled angrily. "Have you been listening to me? Dammit all. Gimme that, will ya? Don't worry. I know just what to do."

"Take care," said the old man, with his gaze still fixed on the spot where the orchid food had been. "Remember, that's only for the orchid. And please don't drown the poor creature."

"Sure, dad. Sure."

On her way out to the greenhouse, Sady opened the cabinet where to tools and art supplies were kept. She removed two items. A

shovel and a tin of liquid. Then'she proceeded with her task — somewhat reluctantly, yet somewhat delightedly.

Well, gotta go to school now. Buzz'l be pickin' me up in a min'. It's good Rosanne's coming back. She can keep you company. You know, since she went away to college, things have changed some."

"I know, I know," said the professor sadly. Do you have all your things?"

"Yes Dad, everything."

Sady picked up an enormous leather suitcase to show her father.

"My, so many things. What is she teaching you today?"

"Uh. . . how to carve wood. The case is filled with lumber."

"That's quite interesting. Do carve me a tulip, my dear."

"Sure, dad. Sure."

The professor spent his day as usual, intermittently pouring over books or plants. But he ate a much larger lunch today. He was pleased. Rosanne was arriving tomorrow.

The afternoon slid by more rapidly than ever before. The old man had picked up the book from the floor and was learning how to talk to his plants. His first efforts would be practiced on the orchid. Tonight, he would speak to it sweetly and sing it lovely lullabies. It would swell once again with life and be born anew.

The bird of the cuckoo clockscreeched 8:00 p.m. There was a knock on the door.

"Rosanne! I thought it was Sady. You're early. . . or was I wrong? Did you say today? I don't know any more. I'm not as spry. . . "

". . . Oh Dad. You're just as great as you always were. And I love you," Rosanne said, throwing her arms around her father, and scattering numerous kisses all over his face.

"But Sady? Where is she? I'm beginning to worry."

"Papa, sit down. Sady's gone. She has left you. She called me this afternoon in the dormitory to tell me she couldn't stand the *plants* anymore, and that she was going away somewhere with Buzz. She wouldn't say where, though, and told me to tell you not to follow. Anyway, I changed my plans, and came right home today."

"Oh, dear, poor Sady. And all my fault." A few tears dropped from his eyes. Then he was silent for a moment, to collect himself. "I'm sorry, Rosanne. Your exams — how did — they go?"

"Very well, dad."

"Ah. . . my youngest will make something of herself yet. Oh! wait here. . . I promised to show you something."

The professor went into the kitchen and returned with the watering can containing the liquid plant food.

"Remember I told you I bought a purple orchid plant not too long ago. Well, much to my chagrin, it has been dying, so I purchased this special food for it from Dimm's. This advertised miracle-worker should restore it to life. Ah, just look at it. Smell its fragrance.

"My God! Dad. It smells like turpentine." "TURPENTINE? Surely, how could turpentine get into the can? Unless. . . Sady. Oh, no, no. She must have. . . "

With amazing rapidity for his age, the professor darted out to the greenhouse to inspect his prize plant. It had shriveled up and died. But right next to it was a bud. A tiny new leaf Sady's careless treachery had missed. Quickly, the professor went to the cabinet and pulled out a shovel and a pot. With great joy he sang, as he meticulously uprooted the "tiny child" and placed it carefully into its new home.

"Ah!" he said." I knew it would work. Th ad was right. It was a miracle plant food."

He took one last glance that encompasse the entire greenhouse before he went inside. H winked twice with his stronger eye, at this ne orchid plant.

Then he joined Rosanne in the living room Sitting in his armchair, he blew smoke rings, an she put her index finger in the center of ever one she could. Sometimes, the shape of the rin was altered.

"You know," the old man finally said," can't understand something, Anna."

"Daddy, love. Mother's dead, remember?
"Yes, you're quite right. Rosanne, you know Sady used to like to put her finger through my smoke rings too. Ah, she used to be just as good as you are now."

"I suppose. Oh, Dad, I forget to ask you Did you get the surprise I sent you? Sady should have given it to you. Unless she never got it. Bu I did send it in her name, care of the school!

"No, I didn't get anything. What is it?"

"A picture I painted."

"A picture?"

"Yes, of some dead orchids."

"Dead orchids?"

"Yeh, I was so depressed that day. So bored. My damned physics teacher talked so much."

"But why did you send it?"

"Oh, I don't know. I guess, just to let you know hew much I missed you and all the *live* plants."

"Are you sure?"

"Of course," Rosanne answered cheerfully poking a finger through an enormous smokering and failing to disperse it.



### Tele phone

I'm talking on the telephone, With no one on the other end. Nothing to receive, Nothing to send. The Man With the Pointed Leg

There once was a man Who had a pointed leg. He didn't have a job, But he wasn't going to beg.

He got his unemployment check Every Friday eve. 'Spied a notice on the bulletin board As he was 'bout to leave.

The notice said to come, Quickly as you could "We'd even take an invalid, And pay you rather good."

When the man read this He took up in a whirl. "This job was meant for me," AS he tapped his leg of pearl.

He hobbled to the mentioned place, A natty building on the bay. They said he'd do just fine And to report the next day. At home that night he filed his leg And shined it bright and clean, 'Till it was such a glorious sight As you have never seen.

In the morning when he got to work He looked the place all over; "What a lot they've got down here, And not a one of 'em from Dover."

The Parks Department trained him well And sent him to work. He'd a city van all to himself, And earned less when a clerk.

When people saw his pointed leg They thought it such a pity But he now could put it to good use Spearing litter for the city.

Candi La Vigne

# When It Comes To Me

Why is it all the rest of nature
seems to unfold so graciously
a morning glory takes its time of day
to bloom bright and full, yet folds
peacefully in the afternoon sun

Fishes swim around in circles
doing what's expected of them,
they don't go jumping up on shore
flopping around - begging for more.

Now I'd just like to know, what God intended, or old mother nature, when they made me

What am I to do,
with all this craziness pushing me around,
I can't close my eyes,
can't find a moment's peace.

Always aching, always aching inside, driven by some insane passion to put it all down.

What is this jungle of yellow pads,
pens I don't like for no reason at all,
a wastebasket full of beginnings with no ends.
stacks of typewritten things laying there in folders,
not quite complete.

I lay there at night trying to sleep,
and I wonder - just what it is you intended for me I can't give up and I can't do it all Is it a trick, or do you need me to say something
on one of those endless yellow pads?

Edwina Jaffee



My Swordsman

This self-appointed caretaker stands by me with the sword of caution tapping me lightly to warn of simple streetcrossings slapping me with the blade's side to make me mind my words nicking my arms and legs to police my actions and when i tried to break loose I was run through. the cut of caution is the damndest cut of all.

### Abandoned for Good

The moonlight filtered through the opening And shone down on the floorboards Causing a small circle of light To be intermingled with the quiet darkness

Suddenly, a small, grey rodent Scuttled, squeaking, across the patch of light But soon disappeared again in the darkness Like he had never even lived

The incessant, roaring wind outside Made the shack tremble and groan While the shutters and doors Banged against the frail, wooden frames

The shack had seen many happy hours Of life and love and birth And the many sad, lonely minutes Of death and children growing up

Now everyone has left it For the ages to claim 'til the end For the earth to take back unto its folds And replenish its life giving force

Becky Ryals

realization

I cannot stand my friends my enemies are no prize neither serve no end I've come to realize in this world of games I've got to hold the key everyone's inane I'm so lucky to have me.

# Gail Bloom

Two On Me

Being dead at twenty saves you from complications heed me, avoid life

a.



b. a twig, branch or limb never cease to trip me I get them always

### Sold Out Solid

I tap my feet to an inner melody you notice and cross your legs away from me you wish I'd watch the movie and not go against its ripples. My head nods and you feel uncomfortable you'd like to move but all the seats are taken you wish you hadn't been so eager to get up front. My body rocks and I beat time on the armrests you look around for an usher, but they're all gone this theatre is mine you're afraid to move and too scared to get up you look behind you with your mirror a few eyes blink to my rhythm the movie is quite loud but you feel my vibrations I'm humming, tapping, nodding, others are stamping their feet I stand and clap my hand, I sway the movie melts, the sound mushrooms down, everyone is clapping

with every push the lights get brighter
We stamp, we cheer, we yell
We're up on our chairs, Everyone is caught up in our

We're up on our chairs, Everyone is caught up in our music . . .

You finally hear the words. You stand up with us and the ceiling parts. Our eyes flash brighter than lightning.

Knowledge is your thunder.

Rage is our fuel

the theatre empties

later you find yourself in a movie house

You can't help but beat time to an inner melody.

### The Cocktail Bird

She flits around
a hummingbird who feeds on
cocktail party chatter
dips her beak in the group
and darts on, tasting all the
conversations until exhausted,
she climbs up your leg and
rests a spell in your ear
humming and vibrating
until a new guest arrives or
new gossip is offered or
a new bowl of dip is brought out
and she flits around to each group
and says take some, have some.

Gail Bloom

### MAY DECEMBER LOVE

He was the first man I knew that wore white shoes, forty dollar pants and didn't open his mail the day he got it.

> We were all those worlds apart the haves and the have nots, meeting at a lonely stage in life.

> > He laughed at me - but his eyes never left mine, never ceased to say, "Go on and be you devil you, torment the soul of a saddened old man flirt your promise of youth at me and I'll never believe you, I'll never believe you."

If others had sipped at him, I spashed my face in all that he was. I took long cool swallows that left me with more thirst than before.

There were thirty years between us, he laughed at me when I didn't care, he said "I told you so" when I cried - Cried because he couldn't be me and I couldn't be him and it wasn't on any map that we be at all.

And when I hooked and crooked him into my life - as landed as any fish belly upon shore, he laughed and called me a thousand clowns as he spit arrows at me from between his teeth.

Who could know but a con like me, that we'd not mellow as the ordinary do - and until our parting day, I'd be flirting with life and sporting as old man that wants to settle into his ways

> He'll be laughing at me and saying ten years past, "Go on and be you devil you."



Melodie Rolling

Edwina Jaffee

### THE SCARLET PURPLE ANGEL

up's downs highs lows an id chasing an ego to the far out boundrys of human nature an artist alive to the flaming colors of god like sketches subdued on a more gentle day

> A poet listening quiet to the banging of wild indians, dancing their ends beginnings ends

color me earth shades color me fire shades
etch me with pen and pencil as some fellow
dealing with Freud might
only i can know my own flaming red
all my defences ready to go to war
softening into all shades of gray
wondering, stepping back, fearing the far back
lost in the deep and spooky charcoal grays
threatening their blacks, threatening their blacks
soft yellow blues hanging delicately, fading slowly
something there inside me crys out in pain or panic

a scarlet purple angel of passion flutters anxiously overhead, I raise weak but wanting arms and a small child pink with innocence crys - who am I who am I

# Edwina Jaffee

How are you running away When the trees are so red And I love you so?

How are you crying, my love, When my arms are surrounding you, And your eyes are in mine?

How am I falling in love When the noises of the leaves in the wind scream And you're running away from me?



Carol Ives

Bob Wiema

# Becky Ryals

### ADDICTED FISHERMAN

They're out there somewhere.

yea, I know, but where?

cast, cast, cast

Just don't lose patience, dear.

I'm not! I'm not!

cast, cast, ca-

Hey! I've got one!! Oh, d--n, I lost it!!!

Calm down now, dear.

cast, cast, cast

Look at them everywhere!

You'll get one dear, don't worry.

I'm not!

cast, cast, -st
---, lost it again.

cast, cast, cast
Dear it's getting late . .

gotta catch just one, just one.

Yes dear, I know ...

cast, cast, cast



### LETTING GO

My son stood a head taller than me, his voice deep and steady, his words, words of conviction, his body, almost there, almost a man.

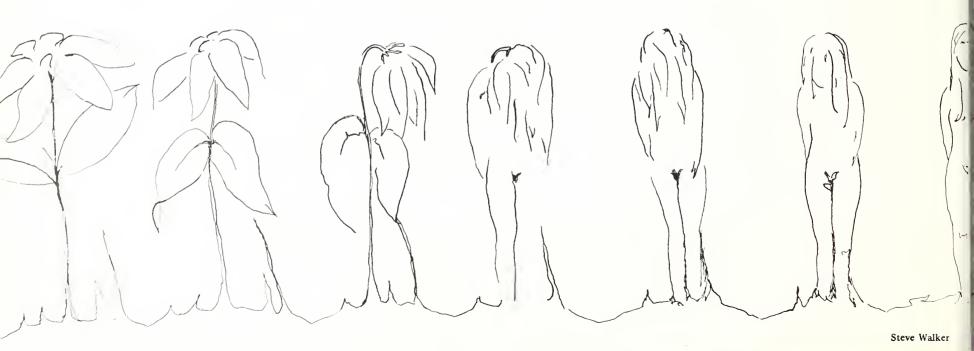
I watched him for days, just trying to figure, where he was at,
I watched him when he laughed and held back for dignity's sake.
I watched a slow grin playing games on his face.

I saw him awkward when things weren't working out. I felt his heart full and sad with searching.

But when our eyes met as strangers might, wanting to know one another again, I knew it wouldn't happen that day or any day soon - - -

for I saw a tear, he wouldn't let fall. It was only a flash of a moment, fourteen years long ---

Edwina Jaffe





### D.S.T.

Back an hour.
Or is it forward?

I think its forward.

No, no, no its backward.

We get an extra hour.

No, we lose it.

You're an hour late for work.
I thought I was an hour early.
Hello dear, did you turn the clock back?
So did I.

Everyone is an hour late for dinner. Or am I an hour early?

Mom, its not bedtime yet,
It's still light outside.

You're not suppose to do that till 2:00 If you think I am staying up till 2:00 You're nuts!

The poor dog, He must wait an extra hour In the morning. And how about the cow? She doesn't want a Schedule change.

You can hear the words Echoing throughout the streets. It's forward! No, it's backward.

### My Dad

My dad can do anything better than yours!

O yea!
Yea!

My dad is stronger than yours!

O yea!

Yea!

Well my dad can make pancakes so thin they only have one side!

O yea! Yea!

> Well my dad is so tall he has to climb a ladder to shave himself! O yea!

Yea!

Well my dad is so quick on his feet he can jump across a river and back without touching land!

O yea! Yea!

> Well my dad killed a snake by putting its tail in its mouth so it swallowed itself!

O yea! Yea!

O yea!

Yea!

Well my dad...

Acknowledgement:
To Carl Sandburg for having compiled

a collection of tall tales.

Ron Renna

### A YOUNG MAN'S DREAM OF FREEDOM

"Don't be late!" And the dream of not; Having to be, Home, By twelve, Or even three!

"How could you forget my cigarettes?" And the dream of not; Having to fear, forgetting Something, you were To be getting To make it easier For them.

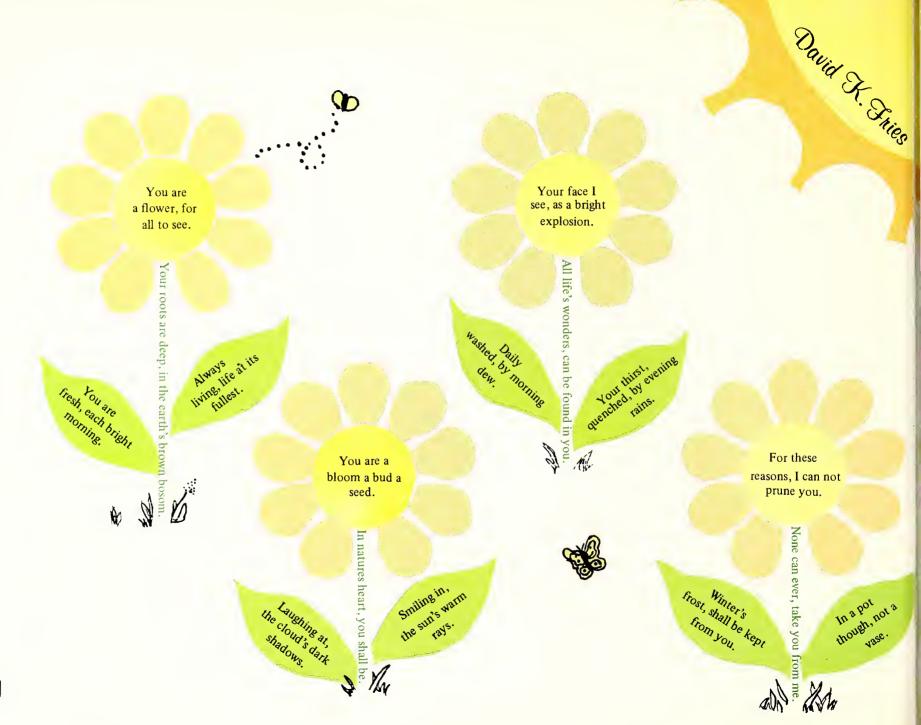
"What would people say?" And the dream of not; Having to conform, To each strict rule, Each classic norm.

"What about your Mother's feelings?" And the dream of not; Having to think, First of them, Before you don't do What you wanted to.

The dreams go on and on. And on until, He's no longer young. No longer free To dream, of not; As he says to his son, "Don't be late!"

David K. Fries





### Calm

Her mind

- one tree in a forest Her thoughts

> - green-gray moss, heavy on the tree branches

With the rustle of wind the moss sways.

- the wind grows in intensity
moss begins to break away.
Some fragments are swept away
by the force of the tempest.

- moss clinging, tenaciously, to its half-life Soon, the storm breaks with fatal force. The moss clings in vain.

Melodie Rolling

a sign

enter . . . . .

here exit

on the grass no smoking

in c<sup>lass</sup> no drinking

Ron Renna

al<sub>l</sub>o<sub>w</sub>e<sub>d</sub> 40

maximum crowd

signs have no meaning

to me

for i cannot

S E E

# **OBJECTS**

The square sits in the corner Complaining about rejection As the pentagon at attention Gets ready for inspection. The circle gets rounder Eating it's blue berry triangles While the hexagon conjures spells Cursing those in steepled rectangles. The half-circle shines down On the straight line of guns in retreat They just lost a war they had with swiss cheese, To the dismay of all the equal-laterals on wall street. The science fiction character, Trapezoid Makes love to his master cylinder. While the cube in his living room Shows a parallelogram crushing Matt Dillenger.



# Poetry Cup

I mixed myself a cup of poetry When I grew tired of English History.

Blue skies, Gray skies,
Twisted truths and untwisted lies
Love's mate, War's hate,
Singing days of passing fate.
Flowing seas, Forest trees,
Curdled milk, wine and cheese.
Desolate cities, corrupt little pretties,
Life alone, and life with the kiddies
Running hills, November chills
The sun's arising on wind mills.
You and he, you and me,
Tender love appearing so free.

I drank it all in one easy swallow Wondering what was to follow. Staring at my crystal cup My stomach then Turned to throw it all up.

# Natural Society

Wheat swaying as a team Flowing pebbles down a stream Blue skys seek to redeem The clouded day. White topped mountains cry As its trees begin to die And the hills silently sigh In the mist of gray.

Wind blowing wet snow Chilling the frolicsome doe While covering all that trys to grow With paralyzing beauty. Hungry rodents scamper the field An injured sparrow never to heal A grizzly bear eats his last meal Feeling sharing's not his duty.

Spring might be too late As even the mighty redwood meets its fate All has fallen into a depressed state And all seems to be lost. Nature will never understand Even its own grain of sand As famine spreads over the land Someone asks "Where's Robert Frost?"

David Westcott



### **SUBLIME**

Existence is but one tiny flash of light in an unbounded realm of darkness,

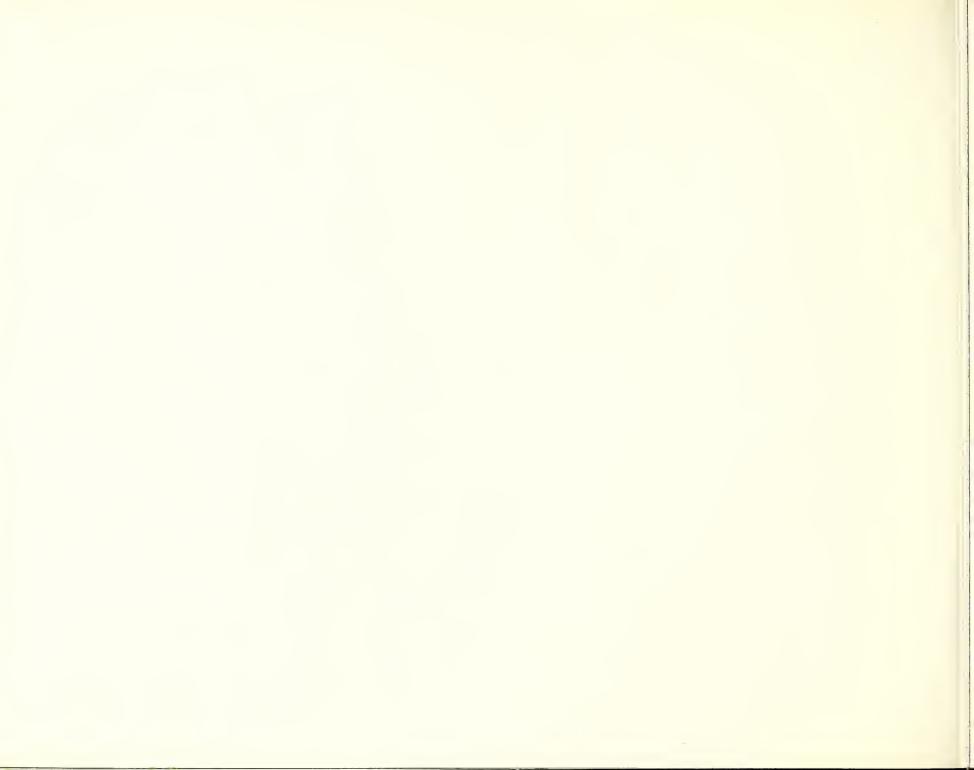
Blink but an instant - you may think the light imagined,

Turn your head but a fraction and all mankind may disappear.











DATE DUE			

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